THE LIBERATOR
IS PUBLISHED
EVERY FRIDAY MORNING,
AT THE
ANTI-SLAVERY OFFICE, 21 CORNHILL.

Robert F. Wallcut, General Agent.

☞ Terms—$2 00 per annum, in advance.

☞ All remittances are to be made, and all letters relating to the pecuniary concerns of the paper are to be directed, (POST PAID,) to the General Agent.

☞ Five copies will be sent to one address for TEN DOLLARS, if payment be made in advance.

☞ Advertisements making less than a square inserted three times for 75 cts.—one square for $1 00.

☞ The Agents of the American, Massachusetts, Pennsylvania and Ohio Anti-Slavery Societies are authorized to receive subscriptions for the Liberator.

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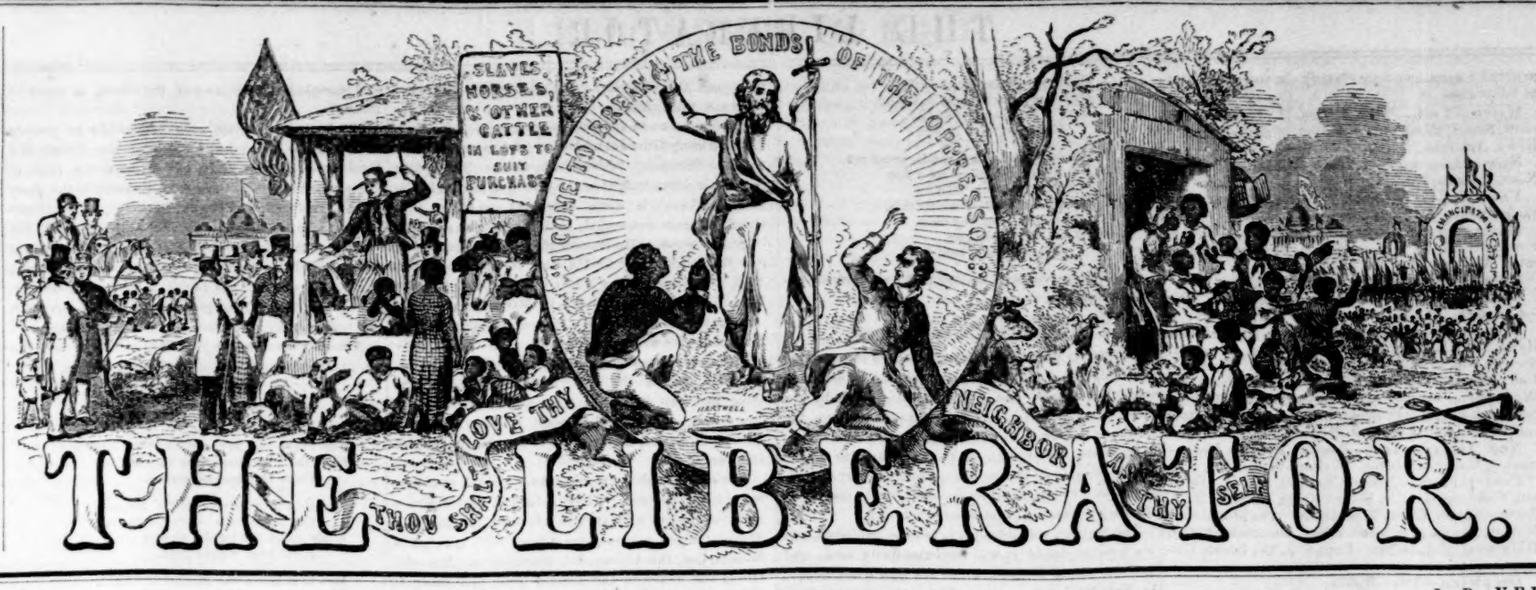
SLAVES, HORSES, & OTHER CATTLE IN LOTS TO SUIT PURCHASERS
I COME TO BREAK THE BONDS OF THE OPPRESSED
THOU SHALT LOVE THY NEIGHBOR AS THY SELF
THE LIBERATOR.

NO UNION WITH SLAVEHOLDERS!

THE U. S. CONSTITUTION IS 'A COVENANT WITH DEATH AND AN AGREEMENT WITH HELL.'

☞ 'Yes! it cannot be denied—the slaveholding lords of the South prescribed, as a condition of their assent to the Constitution, three special provisions to secure the perpetuity of their dominion over their slaves The first was the immunity, for twenty years, of preserving the African slave trade; the second was the stipulation to surrender fugitive slaves—an engagement positively prohibited by the laws of God, delivered from Sinai; and, thirdly, the exaction, fata to the principles of popular representation, of a representation for slaves—for articles of merchandize, under the name of persons. . . To call government thus constituted a democracy, is to insult the understanding of mankind. It is doubly tainted with the infection of riches and slavery. Its reciprocal operation upon the government of the nation is to establish an artificial majority in the slave representation over that of the free people, in the American Congress, and thereby to make the PRESERVATION, PROPAGATION AND PERPETUATION OF SLAVERY THE VITAL AND ANIMATING SPIRIT OF THE NATIONAL GOVERNMENT.'—JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

WM. LLOYD GARRISON, EDITOR. OUR COUNTRY IS THE WORLD—OUR COUNTRYMEN ARE ALL MANKIND. J. B. YERRINTON & SON, PRINTERS.

VOL. XXII. NO. 16. BOSTON, MASS., FRIDAY, APRIL 16, 1852. WHOLE NO. 1110.

Selections.

From the N. Y. Independent, April 8.

THE LATE SLAVE CASE.

The most consummate of all outrages against justice and liberty, under the administration of the Fugitive Slave Law, was perpetrated in this city on Sunday last. We have before adverted to the fact that almost every instance of the execution of the law has developed some new feature of its enormity, or has given prominence to some one of the aggressions upon public liberty and constitutional rights of this hateful compromise had at length fixed upon us. It did not seem possible that the audacity or the malignity of man could transcend itself in devising against the freedom of men of color resident at the North. We will not say that the utmost exhibition of the wickedness of that act has yet been made; but the latest is certainly before us.

The first point to be noticed is the deception practised throughout this case. The victim was seized surreptitiously, under a false charge of stealing; he was kept a close prisoner; there was a midnight consultation about the disposition of the inoffensive man, and when the train was laid, there was an attempt to fire it secretly—to have the hearing before the Commissioner conducted without the knowledge of the friends of the prisoner, and without any opportunity for counsel; and at last the case was decided without a hearing of the witnesses for the defence, and by a ruse unworthy of any man having the least pretension to self-respect.

Now, why this studious resort to deception? Will it be alleged that a rescue was apprehended? But there is no evidence that this was meditated from any quarter. Why was not the arrest made and the hearing conducted throughout in an open and manly way? This sneaking, evasive method of conducting such cases betrays a consciousness of the wickedness to be perpetrated. It is Neapolitan and Napoleonic.

Another point to be noticed is the utter incompetence of the Court before which this hearing was had, to decide a question so momentous. In the course of the investigation, Mr. Busteed took offence at a remark of Mr. Jay, and struck him in the face with his fist, whereupon there were indications of a general row, and the terrified and imbecile Commissioner supplicated an officer from another court to come and preserve order in his own. Is a magistrate who belittles himself below the humblest justice of the peace, who cannot maintain order in his own presence, or put down ruffianism at the bar of justice, a worthy representative of the majesty of the United States, sitting in judgment upon human liberty and happiness? We are inclined to think, however, according to the general doctrine of fitness, that the Government cannot do better than to employ just such a class of men for such a purpose.

Just here, by the way, we should like to be informed, whether Mr. Morton is a resident within the bounds of the Southern District of New York, and whether a non-resident is competent to decide upon the liberties of a citizen of New York.

But there was another disclosure relative to the competence of this court, which, if it is to be accepted as a precedent, imperils the liberty of every colored person in the community, and indeed of every man, white or black. Mr. Busteed had made affidavit of his own personal knowledge of what it is alleged he knew only by hearsay, and this, if so, is perjury under the statute of the State; this would have been exposed under the cross-examination, but Mr. Busteed refused to answer so as to commit himself, and the Commissioner modestly declared *that he had no power to compel testimony;* and again, when the presence of another witness was required by the defence, he declared *that he had no power to compel the attendance of a witness;* and yet this same modest, imbecile judge, who cannot command the least thing essential to the decorum and the security of justice, can decree a fellow-man to hopeless bondage. We repeat, that there was never a grosser outrage upon justice than this. A judge may hear the testimony of a perjured witness, may refuse to enforce a cross-examination, may refuse to hear opposing testimony, or to give the ordinary facilities for that treasonous, and then decide finally the whole case, though that decision involves the annihilation of the happiness and the hopes of a fellow-man, tears him from his family, and dooms him to physical suffering and to moral darkness, without redress. If Mr. Gladstone's three letters from Naples, if the records of the Inquisition, if the arbitrary, prescriptive decrees of the 'Nephew' usurper, can show any more horrible enormity, we are but poorly informed in the history of tyranny.

Let any man, however respectable, refuse to testify or to appear as a witness before the lowest court, and he is at once fined and committed for the contempt; but here is a representative of the United States government, having all the army of the Union to back him, who cannot compel testimony in favor of a poor helpless man, whose liberty, under the grand charter of our national independence, lies trembling in his hands. Are we not here reminded of one of old, who, sitting on the bench of justice, after indulging the incoherent and perjured testimony of suborned witnesses against the innocent and the Just, cried out, 'What need we any further witnesses?' To be sure, in this case, our high priest of justice did not testify his zeal for the Law and the Union by rending his clothes—for the extra fee of five dollars would hardly have covered repairs—but in his impetuous zeal for the honor of his victim, he fully emulated his memorable predecessor. The statute simply requires that the Commissioner shall be satisfied. The testimony of one witness, and he an interested party, and the affidavit of a man who knew nothing personally of the facts in the case, sufficed to 'satisfy' the Commissioner that he was fairly entitled to the additional five dollars promised for conviction.

Under such an administration of law, what security has any man for his personal liberty? There is a strong presumption that Horace Preston was freed by his former mistress, now deceased, whom Reese had married, and through whom Reese claimed to hold Preston as his slave. This his counsel would have attempted to show by their witnesses. According to this precedent, any conspiracy to swear away the liberty of a free man might be successful, and might receive the solemn sanction of United States law. We are assured that the more intelligent free persons of color residing in this city feel that their liberty is put in jeopardy by this decision. We ourselves have now in hand papers ensuring freedom to a nominal slave, which require only a formal registration to complete his emancipation. Now, in the interim, let any three men agree, the one to swear that this person owes him service, and the other two to swear to his identity, and their testimony being 'satisfactory' to the Commissioner, and ours denied a hearing, what shall hinder the surrendry of this man to slavery? Yet the outrageous decision that warrants such apprehensions is most clearly according to the strict intent of the Fugitive Slave Law. The intent of that law was to transplant Southern slave law to Northern soil; to go upon the assumption that a negro is not a man, but a chattel, belonging presumptively to some owner, and to be delivered to the first claimant who makes a pretence of proving property. Commissioner Morton has illustrated the summary process of the law, according to the real intent of its framers. Southern chattelism is the basis of that whole law. How absurd now appear all the pretences of *habeas corpus* and the right of appeal! Judge Judson being at hand, was applied to for a writ of *habeas corpus*, but declined, on the ground that he was otherwise occupied, and referred the applicant to another judge, sufficiently remote to allow of the victim being carried off into bondage before the request could be preferred. We presume, however, that the poor fellow can appeal for justice to the courts of Maryland——and what more could he desire?

No doubt, Commissioner Morton discharged his duty in the premises to the full approbation of his official masters. Possibly, the whole case was got up just now to advance the stock of Mr. Fillmore or of Mr. Webster in the Southern market, and as an offset to the farcical termination of the Pennsylvania treason trials.

The case is now fairly before the reader. We have but one question to propose to religious men. Who is responsible for this outrage? Not Commissioner Morton alone, for he was the merest tool of the law. The case is a legitimate one under the law—a perfect illustration of its meaning and its spirit. They are responsible, who framed that law; they are responsible who elected those framers, and who have suffered them to go on without rebuke; they are responsible who have tacitly approved that law; they are responsible who, for the sake of business custom, of political preferment, of pecuniary gains, have sanctioned the law, or have given the countenance of their presence or their names to those who do sanction it; they are responsible who have held their peace, who have not protested in every possible way against the passage and the administration of such a law. Are you responsible?

Will not religious men think of this? Will not ministers think of this? Suppose that, at the last Monthly Concert, a report had been read from India or from Turkey, of a melancholy instance of tyranny—stating that a convert and a pupil of the missionaries had been suddenly seized as an alleged slave from another province, hurried before a magistrate, denied access to his friends, and, on the testimony of a single witness, all rebutting evidence being refused, had been torn from his wife and friends, and carried off in chains to a dreadful doom. How would such an exhibition of justice in Turkey or in India—where, indeed, it would be impossible that such injustice could be done—have called forth prayers for the enlightenment of those countries, and contributions for the spread of the Gospel there! And what joyful anticipations would have been indulged of the time when a pure Christianity should render such injustice impossible! And yet Christian men, who are sending the Gospel to the heathen, tolerate and even justify such wrongs at home!

Ah, but this is done for the sake of the Union! Surely, the bugbear of dissolution must by this time have lost its power to affright good honest souls. But is it not strange that religious men, and especially Christian ministers, should apprehend danger to our country only from a dissolution of the Union, in consequence of the refusal of the North to do the behests of Southern slavery? Do not these men believe in a God, who rules among the nations? Do they not believe that the retribution of nations comes in this world, and comes in consequence of their disregard of the eternal principles of truth and righteousness, upon which he has established his throne? Is not the shore of time strewn with the wrecks of nations that his wrath has dashed in pieces? And shall we not fear before him, if we trample upon justice, and frame iniquity by a law? God may visit us with other and greater calamities than the dissolution of the Union; he may bring that catastrophe upon us as a punishment for sin; but if that catastrophe comes in consequence of a refusal on the part of the North to sacrifice justice, liberty and happiness upon the altar of Southern slavery, then, dreadful as would be the temporary shock of that disaster, God would have some better constitution of things in store for those who had put his law above all temporal interests, and his intelligent, redeemed, immortal creatures above all the price of commercial and political prosperity.

From the N. Y. Evening Post.

THE LAST FUGITIVE SLAVE CASE.

The case of Henry Preston, who was sent back to the South as a fugitive on Saturday, is a very hard one, as, in fact, are most of the cases which arise under the present law.

Preston escaped from the service of his master four years ago. In this city he had formed domestic ties; here he married a woman who appears to have been devotedly fond of him, a light-colored mulatto woman, whose little daughter, by a former husband, had been adopted by him, and cherished towards him all the fondness of a child for a parent. He was suddenly pounced upon by a pettifogger and a police officer, who seized him and dragged him to prison, on some pretence of larceny; for it seems that the law, in most cases, cannot be executed without the help of falsehood. A brief examination followed, during which he was constantly attended by his wife, who gave the strongest tokens of the strength of her attachment to him, and of the suffering she must endure at a separation. On Saturday, he was torn from his family, who clung to him with a despairing fondness, and carried back to his alleged owner in Maryland. The circumstances of their parting, which were truly affecting, are related elsewhere in this sheet.

Great horror is expressed at the African slave-trade, even by slaveholders. We remember that President Tyler, in one of his messages, spoke of it as a cruel, atrocious, and accursed traffic, lavishing upon it epithets of the most vehement denunciation. The cruelty of the slave-trade consists mainly in tearing men and women from their families and homes, in separating those whom God has joined, and sending its victims to hopeless servitude. The Fugitive Slave Law brings the barbarities of that trade to our doors. Instead of being perpetrated by pirates armed with pistols and cutlasses, they are committed by lawyers, policemen, and deputy marshals, who plead the law as their warrant, and instead of taking place on a coast inhabited by savage tribes, they are inflicted in a country claiming to stand in the first rank of civilization, and to be the freest in the world.

This is the principal difference in the cases.

The same Congress which passed the Fugitive Slave Law, enacted a law banishing the slave-trade from the District of Columbia. They were squeamish on the subject of the slave-pens, where men and women were bought and sold like oxen, in sight of the capitol, but they felt no scruple in legalizing within the boundaries of the free States, some of the worst enormities which make that traffic so abominable.

It is known to our readers that many of those who are favorable to a law for the reclamation of fugitive slaves, are yet shocked at the operation of the present statute, in breaking up families, and dragging men from their wives and children; and earnestly desire that there should be some limitation of time, beyond which the slave shall not be reclaimed. If the proprietor, they say, cares so little for the recovery of his slave as not to pursue him forthwith, but chooses to lie in wait till, in the course of years, some agent or attorney is found, willing to make the experiment of speculating on the humanity of the community to carry him off from his family, in the hope that his neighbors will raise a large sum for his liberation, he certainly deserves no assistance of the law.

All these considerations, however, are answered by the advocates of the Compromise, with a clamor against the enormity of agitating a question already peacefully settled. The agitation, in truth, comes from the other side. Every attempt to reclaim a slave under such circumstances, is a new agitation of the question; makes a new exhibition of the atrocities of the law; forces them upon the public attention, and compels their discussion. Frequent complaints arise as to the manner in which the law is administered. The true ground of complaint lies, we conceive, in the law itself. It cannot be so administered, as not to revolt the better feelings of mankind; it cannot be so administered, as not to disgrace our national character and our institutions.

THE QUAKER FRIENDS OF MICHIGAN.

At the Michigan Yearly Meeting of Friends, held at Livonia, the 4th and 6th of 10th month, 1851, the following article was directed to be published as an expression of its views on the Fugitive Slave Law:—

Convened together in our annual assembly, a sense of duty to our Creator, and sympathy with the oppressed, impel us to express our opinions on the subject of the Fugitive Slave Law. We deem it a law which tramples on all the better feelings of our nature, disregards the principles of right and justice, and places the enactments of men over the infinitely higher and more perfect laws of God.

While we regard this law as violating every principle of the Christian religion, every precept of Jesus—while it tramples on the most sacred rights of humanity—we deem it, at the same time, in contradiction to some of the plainest principles of the national compact—in opposition to the general spirit of the government under which we live. With these views and convictions, we feel impelled to call upon all true Christians and philanthropists every where, to labor in season and out of season, for the repeal of this infamous enactment, or to create such a state of public opinion, that none shall be found so base, so fallen, as to assist in putting in force its cruel and oppressive provisions, and thus aid in consigning to hopeless bondage those who are guilty of no crime.

Signed by the direction of the meeting.

THOMAS CHANDLER, } *Clerks.*
ANNA MORTIMER, }

NOBLE SENTIMENTS.

The following extract is from the *Demokratischer Voelkerbund*, a German paper recently established in New York, and conducted with marked ability. The editors are thoroughly anti-slavery in their views, and hold forth against the 'Compromise' in strong terms.

On the 12th instant, Samuel Williams, a colored preacher, was arraigned before the U. S. District Court, in Philadelphia, charged with the crime of having notified the fugitive slaves of Gorsuch, of the danger which threatened them from the man-hunting, Union-saving gentlemen.

When American citizens are slaughtered like beasts by a despotic island Governor, the national honor keeps silence in Washington. When the English Government affects some arrangement for the benefit of the colored people in its colonies, then the national honor at Washington raises a great outcry for an Explanation.

Slavery is the central point and the most vulnerable spot in the national honor, as it is understood at Washington.

When despotism in Europe spreads itself more and more—when even England, the so-called freest nation in Europe, prepares itself to conclude a covenant with Despots—when the Cossack power crosses the Vistula, and presses forward to the Atlantic; then, the Union is not in danger. But, when a fugitive slave from the South is notified of a threatening compromise peril, by one of his own race in the North, then is the Union in danger, and the man who imperiled it in such a manner, is naturally arraigned before the Union's tribunal, on a charge of 'high treason.'

When an European commercial system threatens the whole commerce of America—when the prospect appears, that the despots of Europe will take such measures that the United States will not export to the amount of $172,000,000, and collect fifty millions of revenue, annually, because European despotism has proscribed them, the men at Washington raised their credulous eyes to the blue heaven of political neutrality, and pray fervently—'Thee do we venerate! in thee do we put our trust!'

But when a cotton planter at the South finds a piece of his property in human flesh missing, then a great penance howl is heard in the land: 'Oh, holy Slavery! Oh, divine mother of the Union! forgive us our sins! Oh, heavenly Compromise! save us from destruction!'

And the more surely to appease the god, 'pious' men propose that new addresses of homage and submission be presented to him, and that Congress, the Priest, the Nation, should adopt this formula of faith: 'There is no god but Slavery and the Compromise—and the Fugitive Slave Law is his prophet.'

A SLAVE AUCTION.

(Correspondence of the Free Presbyterian.)

AUGUSTA CO., (Va.) March 13, 1852.

Observing in one of the daily papers that a slave sale was to take place on Saturday morning, at Hill's auction rooms, I went down to visit it. When I arrived there, I found the room pretty well filled with men who had assembled to speculate in the bodies and souls of their fellows; and observing a crowd in one corner, between which and the street door a screen was placed, I stepped up, when I saw a young negro man stripped to the shirt, and, amid the jeers of traders, examined in a manner too revolting to rehearse, except it were in papers published in a community where such things are permitted. If these examinations are desired, sex forms no barrier. The auctioneer announcing that the hour of sale had arrived, a man slave, aged about 20 or 25, was placed upon the block; and the crier commenced with enumerating his good qualities, and asked for a bid. $500 was the first offer, and soon run up to $600, and then to $700. He was then ordered to get down and walk across the room and back again; and several came up, asking questions and examining his teeth, as a horse-jockey would a horse he was bidding for. He again mounted the block, and bidding continued until $800 was offered. He was again ordered down, and a similar course of examination took place. He was finally knocked off at $890. Next came a lad aged about 15. The same process was gone through with as with the first, and he was knocked off at $685. Next came a girl of 18 to 20: the same routine of exhibition and examination gone through with, and knocked off at $605. Whether they were bought for transportation or not, I did not learn. These closed the sale for that day, the number being unusually small.

My feelings were shocked at the indecencies exhibited, and the perfect heartlessness attending the sale. But these were only the appendages; the crowning sin, to my mind, was the traffic—the placing of an immortal being upon the stand, and selling him as a brute beast. And yet these results grow out of the system itself. Establish the property relation as right and just, and if I have a right to hold, I have equally the right to buy and sell, and this makes really no difference, whether transacted in public or private—whether singly or by the hundred. And what I witnessed was slavery as it exists by law; as practised in accordance with law; and, as such, declared by our popular church to 'form no bar to Christian communion,' and with which almost all the popular churches are in fraternal embrace. Stranger still, many who profess—and we have to believe sincerely—to hold the whole system in abhorrence, are yet in close communion with these churches; in nine cases out of ten, for no other reason than that they hold some petty office in them, or hold a pew, or would have to travel a few miles farther to enjoy the ordinances of God's house.

I left the slave shambles with a sad and sickened heart. But a few days previous, I had seen two men leaving their homes in the morning in perfect health; and before the sun had sunk behind the tall mountains, I had witnessed their mangled corpses disentombed from beneath the mountain rock, that had fallen upon and buried them; I had heard the shrieks and witnessed the tears of the wife, the parents, brothers and sisters of the deceased; and I hope never to pass through such another scene. But what I witnessed at Hill's auction rooms was more horrible still. For my own part, I would infinitely rather bury every friend I have, to seeing them put upon the auction block; and I would have declared the same of every human being, were I not well assured by those in this city who can have no motive for misrepresentation, that it is but too notorious that many here sell their own flesh and blood. Such is the polluting, soul-withering influence of slavery.

PLEASANT READING FOR A FREE PEOPLE.

VALUE OF SLAVES.—Last Saturday, 21 slaves belonging to the estate of William Pendleton, consisting of *old and young men, women and children*, and not regarded as above ordinary, were sold at this place at the average price of $553. One negro man without a trade, sold for $1 028; *a woman with a child ten months old*, sold for $950; and *a girl aged eleven years*, for $660. These, we understand, are about the rates at which slaves have been selling for some weeks in this market.

It was predicted that the passage of the Compromise measures would have the effect of cheapening, if not rendering valueless, this species of property.—Behold the result.—*Lynchburg Virginian.*

This is a strong argument in favor of the 'Compromise.' The people must be very obstinate indeed, if they can any longer oppose a law which enhances the value and quickens the sale of 'women and children'! There must be something potent in the elements of a law which enables the slave-trader to sell '*a woman, with a child ten months old*, for $950.' And why should not all men be denounced as traitors who refuse to shout hosannas to a series of measures which run up the value of '*a girl aged eleven years*,' to $600?

At Frederick, the demand is not quite so brisk:—

VALUE OF SLAVES.—We attended a large sale of negroes in Richmond on Tuesday last, and were surprised to find that the prices were less than we had been led to believe. We saw a negro man, represented to be thirty years of age, (though looking old,) perfectly sound, and of good form and stature, knocked off at $510. A girl of seventeen, tall, genteel and likely sold for $600. The highest did not sell above $720.—*Frederick News.*

It is strange that 'a negro man of thirty' should 'look old.' It should not be intimated that the 'divine institution' has the tendency to make men prematurely decrepid. The suggestion has an incendiary odor. We are not surprised that this man of thirty, but 'looking old,' brought only $510. But how connoisseurs in 'black cattle' should permit 'a girl of seventeen, tall, genteel and likely,' to sell for $600, is a mystery which the 'Union Safety Committee' should inquire into.—*Albany Journal.*

BASE DECISION.

A late trial in the United States District Court has disclosed a most remarkable charge of the Judge to the jury, as regards 'offsets.' The case is briefly as follows:—In 1843, a U. S. Marshal of one of the Southern States was declared a defaulter in the sum of $4,140 20! This Marshal was a slave-owner, and previous to the invasion of Florida, in 1818, four of his negroes left him, and took refuge among the Suwanee Indians. The master did not pursue them, nor take any steps to reclaim them. In 1818, the U. S. troops attacked these Indians, dispersed them, and destroyed their settlement, and the master never heard of his four negroes afterward. In 1828, this *master*, who was afterward Marshal, presented his claim for damages, by reason of the loss of these four negroes, who had run away before the invasion, and whom he had made no effort to reclaim. Under the law of Congress, the U. S. Judge of Florida was made a Commissioner to pass upon claims for damages occasioned by the invasion, and his finding was to be reported to the Secretary of the Treasury, who was to approve or reject.

The claim for these negroes was *allowed* by the Commissioner, in 1828, and the damages stated at $1600; but, on being reviewed by Mr. Secretary Bush, it was wholly and entirely repudiated.

Afterward, when Mr. R. J. Walker was Secretary of the Treasury, this defaulting U. S. Marshal applied to him to re-open and revise the decision of Mr. Bush, but it was not done. Another application was made to Mr. Secretary Meredith, who examined and reported minutely upon the case, and refused to re-open; and lastly, Mr. Secretary Corwin was applied to for a re-hearing and revision, which was again refused.

Well, in 1851, a trial was had in the U. S. District Court, of a suit brought against this U. S. Marshal and his sureties, in an action of debt upon his official bond. The defendants claimed an *offset* of $1600 and interest, for damages sustained by the loss of four negroes, a quarter of a century ago, and which had been again and again repudiated by the Government, insisting that had it not been for the invasion of Florida, his negroes would have 'come home' again, or he could have caught them. And a U. S. District Judge admitted the *offset*, and directed the jury to allow it, and they found accordingly.

L. E. S.

From the New York Evening Post.

THE CALL FOR NEW APPROPRIATIONS.

We have an army of ten thousand men, and it is astonishing how much it costs us. Last year, Congress made an appropriation of one million of dollars for the simple purpose of transporting men, provisions and military stores from one post to another. By some management of the War Department, it has been made to cost us two millions, or thereabouts; that is to say, at the rate of two hundred dollars to every man in the army. The entire expenses of our army amounted, last year, to ten millions, or a thousand dollars a man. We doubt whether the whole world can show any thing like this disproportion between the size of an army and the cost at which it is maintained.

It is these enormous expenditures, among other things, which have led to the introduction of what is called the Deficiency bill, now the subject of daily debate in Congress. The Executive wants an appropriation to cover three millions of expenses beyond the appropriations of the last session of Congress, founded on the estimates of the Departments. Congress appropriated fifty millions for the wants of the year; the administration has spent the fifty millions, and now calls for three millions more, which it affirms will be necessary to carry on the government to the 30th of June next.

What is remarkable in this matter is, that the representatives of the people are called upon to make up the deficiency, without any satisfactory explanation of the manner in which it has arisen. Congress is expected to take the step blind-fold; the Executive calls for the money, and, with some of the members, the rule seems to be, that the Executive must have whatever it asks. Others are of a different opinion, and insist that the administration must account for what it has received, and show that it has been fairly and frugally expended, before it can be trusted with more. Even some of the Whig members seem to admit the propriety of an investigation, before the Executive is entrusted with any more money.

GENERAL SCOTT.

The General's Position Defined.—A Washington correspondent of the Nashville *Banner* recently had an interview with General Scott, who, it is said, is indignant at the charge made in some of the newspapers, that his position in regard to some of the Compromise measures is ambiguous. According to the writer, Scott, in his conversation with him, said:

'How can any one doubt my past or present earnest support of the Compromise measures? Did I not, at the first meeting of the friends of the Union, held in Castle Garden, New York, publicly proclaim my approval of them; at a period, too, when but few in that city advocated the propriety of their adoption? Immediately after my perusal of Mr. Clay's first great speech in their defence, made in the Senate of the United States, I wrote to him in substance as follows:—

"I have, in my day and generation, fought battles which have gained for our common country some little renown and glory. These, however, might have been won by other men, or, if lost, would have been repaired by the indomitable chivalry of our brave soldiery. But the great battle which you are fighting involves all that is glorious or immortal of the present or the past—all that is dear or hopeful of the future. It is the battle of the preservation of the Union and the Constitution—the perpetuity of our republican institutions. I trust in God that you may be successful in your patriotic undertaking. *I most heartily approve of all the measures of your bill, and will give to them a cordial and energetic support.*"'

He also addressed a similar letter, it is said, to Mr. Webster, after reading *his* great speech. According to this writer, Gen. Scott remarked to him:

'Did I not, during their discussion in Congress, personally exert my influence for their passage through both Houses? Besides, there is extant the most incontestible proof, that, had it not been for my humble aid and influence, the Compromise measures could not, by a vote of from five to ten, have passed the House of Representatives.'

From the London Morning Advertiser.

THE ANTI-SLAVERY CAUSE.

The Committee of the Bristol and Clifton Ladies' Anti-Slavery Society, at a meeting held on Friday last, came unanimously to the following resolution, respecting the course which the *Morning Advertiser* has adopted on the question of slavery:—

'Deeply sensible of the benefit conferred upon the anti-slavery cause during the last year by the earnest, impartial, and intelligent advocacy of the *Morning Advertiser*, we desire to tender our respectful and grateful thanks to the Editor of that paper. In acknowledging the services of the *Morning Advertiser*, we would especially refer to its fearless, unequivocating enunciation of the great principle on which the anti-slavery movement is grounded—'That slavery is a sin, and slaveholders are sinners'—to its forcible demonstrations of the support given to the system by the churches of America—to its exposure and rebuke of the 'British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society,' not only for their cold, lifeless, inefficient course in respect to slavery in the United States, but for their concealment from the British public of important facts and instrumentalities that are imparting vast significance to the abolition movement. These valuable services, together with the liberality and justice evinced by the *Morning Advertiser*, in continuing to open its columns to the claims of anti-slavery agents and organizations, which can find no recognition in the *Anti-Slavery Reporter*, we regard as constituting a new era in the history and progress of the cause in England, and supplying a want long and painfully felt by the abolitionists in this country and in America.'

Knowing, as we do, the high moral and intellectual character of those who compose the Committee of the Bristol and Clifton Ladies' Anti-Slavery Society, we need not say that we feel much gratified by the terms in which they have been pleased to speak of the recent services of the *Morning Advertiser* in the Anti-Slavery cause. There is no part of our editorial labor on which we look back with greater satisfaction, than on the efforts we have made to hold up to universal and unmeasured abhorrence, the hideous system of American slavery, which numbers, at this moment, considerably more than 3,000,000 human beings, all made in their Maker's image, and destined to an immortal existence in a future state. And, as we have especially sought to awaken the religious denominations of this country, to a sense of the terrible criminality of having any intercourse with those Churches in America which are involved in the guilt of slavery, either by defending the system, or by permitting their members to be 'proprietors' of slaves,—so we shall never cease to labor towards the achievement of the same object, until the monstrous contradiction of a *Christian* slaveholder, or *Christian* slavery defender, shall be made as clear as the noonday sun.

From the Dedham Gazette.

THE NEW YORK TRIBUNE.

The New York Tribune is, without doubt, the most thoroughly unprincipled of all the political papers of the United States, which make the least pretence to character or respectability. Its political quarrels, appeals and exhortations, excite no other emotions than those of profound disgust. Nowhere are the dough-face characteristics so marked and conspicuous as in its forcible feeble articles. Hypocrisy appears to be its only capital, and it exercises an influence only upon the feeblest minds. It has but one idea, and that is, to be 'Whig.' It dabbles freely in all the good and bad isms of the day, but they are all regarded as nothing, and worse than nothing, if they work against Whiggery. It presumes to oppose Slavery and the Slave Power, but it would support, with all its might, slaveholders for every office in the United States, if such should be nominated by the Whig party. It rants continually against the Fugitive Slave Law, and yet it would support the Whig ticket, if every name on it was a friend and supporter of that law. It whines like a whipped puppy at the insolence of Fillmore towards itself and the followers of Seward, but, like an abject cur, it declares in advance that it will support him earnestly, if nominated. It warns and admonishes the South not to crowd the mourners too much, and yet all the time craves permission to support every candidate the South shall impose upon the Whig party. It has disgusted its numerous readers with its heated and violent arguments against dough-faces and the friends of the Compromise, while at the same time it has called upon its readers to defeat candidates for Congress known to be opposed to the Fugitive Slave Law, and elect those who are friendly to it. The slaveholders are as indifferent to its noisy braggadocio as to the whistling of the idle wind, for they are aware that they are incapable of imposing upon the Whig party schemes or candidates infamous enough to relieve themselves of the earnest support of the *Tribune*. We have no doubt but the editors of that paper, impelled by self-interest and ambition, really believe that their position is justifiable and defensible, but the outside world looks on with astonishment and disgust. Last week, the *Tribune* stated that its bitter opposition to Fillmore was not because the latter was a Compromise man and friend of the Fugitive Slave Law, leaving it to be positively inferred that his opposition is grounded solely on his proscription of a few Taylor and Seward office-holders.

From Frederick Douglass's Paper.

SALLIE HOLLEY.

The anti-slavery discourse delivered in this city, at Corinthian Hall, last week, by Miss HOLLEY, was listened to by a large and highly intelligent audience. Marked by zeal and earnestness, an intense love of truth and justice, imbued with a high religious sentiment, a firm trust in the power and goodness of God, and delivered with a full, clear, melodious voice, the discourse was most impressive, and well calculated, we think, to do good. The following notice of the address from the *Democrat*, aside from its prejudices against the public speaking of women, is a pretty fair description of the lecture, and of the speaker's ability. We are glad to see such an article in the *Democrat*, and can well understand the tapering off near its close. To have spoken well of the lecturer, without throwing in an *exception or two*, would have perhaps been thought a weakness in the writer.

'The appearance of this talented young woman as a public lecturer created considerable interest, particularly among those of our citizens who knew her ability, and that she has occupied a high position in society, and who remember her venerated father, who died in our city after an active life chiefly spent in distinguished public service. Her lecture showed that she possessed, in an eminent degree, some portion of the rich mental gifts of her progenitor, and that her mind has taken a decided bent from the strong characteristics which marked his opinions, at least upon one great question of public import. She is uncompromising and even ultra in her views of American Slavery, which was the subject of her lecture. Her commencement betrayed some natural embarrassment, which rendered her full, strong, mellow, and decidedly feminine voice, somewhat tremulous. But she recovered her self-command as she proceeded, and near the close felt the excitement of her subject. Some portions of her discourse were eloquent, and at times her sentiments were rendered with deep pathos, particularly becoming a lady. Of the lecture, which was very long, and quite too long, we cannot give even a sketch. It is sufficient to say, that she presented to the audience what she conceives to be the duty of every American Christian in view of the existence of slavery,—which is, to endeavor by all means, at all times and in all places, to blot it out. The hideous features of that cursed institution were painted in no flattering colors, and her appeal against its enormities was stirring and effective. We could not but feel a regret, however, although there was nothing in her bearing that was not perfectly becoming, to see her occupying the position of a public lecturer. It will be difficult to convince us that one so eminently fitted for the acknowledged sphere of woman, in all its phases and aspects, should be withdrawn from it to enter an arena so full of uncongenialities. Her voice, so well adapted to instruct or edify in the social circle, and those feminine graces of mind and person, surely were not intended for wordy strife or bitter fulminations in the forum. And whatever may be her talents for debate or set discourse, we opine that she will soon find that she has mistaken her vocation. We say this in all kindness, and with a full appreciation of her ardent love of the cause which she advocates—we think it would not be proper in this case to say espoused.'

A BURLESQUE.

The Lincoln *Democrat* has, in the following definition, succeeded in a severe burlesque upon the party:—

'To be a Democrat is not only to live under democratic institutions—to belong to a party self-styled democratic—or even to be known in the political field by the title of Democrat. To be a Democrat is to be an *honest, conscientious man*, one *loving his brother man*—one who acknowledges *all as equal*—one who erects no barriers based on *position, wealth*, or *influence*—one whose motives prompt him to act for the *public good*, and, actuated by such motives, aims, at all times and on all occasions, *to do good*. Believing this to be the true and simple definition of democracy, how can this be otherwise than the doctrine and belief of the masses—*by the majority?*'

The joke will not be fully appreciated without recollecting that the *Democrat* was established for the very purpose of driving back the Bath *Times* from a slight tendency towards the principle of *human equality*, to a more docile allegiance to despotism. And now to laugh at the party for its '*consciousness*' is really too bad. Will the *Times* bear that?—*Portland Inquirer.*

'A NIGGER HUNT.'

DOVER, Kentucky, March 24, 1852.

MR. EDITOR:—I will venture to say there is scarcely a man in the North, but who has heard of the cruel, lawless and savage manner, in which the poor, unoffending negro, (or slave, let him be black, white, or yellow, for they have them of many colors here,) is hunted, when he may have courage enough to declare himself his own; and for the sake of sweet liberty, which is dearer to man than life itself, he will leave the tyrant who has robbed him, in peaceable possession of all his former life's earnings, to seek a home in a land among strangers; but where he can be recognized as a *man*, and not a *thing*, to be bought and sold. It has been my special privilege to witness a recruit for this ignoble purpose—for what they call here, 'going to hunt *niggers*.'

Between eight and nine o'clock, A. M., on Sunday last, I heard the report of a gun in the street, and on looking out, saw a dozen or more of men, collected together on a corner, in the most public part of the village; several of them having double-barreled guns. Soon the village people were all on the move. This firing of a gun seemed the signal for the recruit. And be it remembered, this was on Sunday, and right in the face of two churches, in one of which sacrament was taken, and the other a funeral sermon preached, a few hours afterwards.

It appeared the discovery had just been made, that a skiff had been broken loose the night before, and the tracks of four persons were seen (there was snow on the ground) leading toward the locality of the skiff. Of course, they were *niggers*, and these men were volunteer hunters. As yet, there was no other evidence of any slave having escaped; but I have learned these signs are common, and are always rightly understood.

There were the tracks of four *niggers*, and the county has a standing offer of $50 reward for the capture of each and every escaping slave taken within its limits, and a still greater one if taken out of the State; and to this it is always understood that the owner will add a liberal consideration. No time was lost. A party was soon made up, armed with revolvers and double barreled guns, and away they went, into Ohio, in broad daylight. They landed, and I could see them plodding their way on foot, on the trail of the poor slaves for half a mile on the Ohio side. My blood boiled with indignation when I sat and contemplated the scene before me. Pirates, armed to the teeth, hunting innocent men and women, in open daylight on the free soil of Ohio.—But I had hoped—nay, more, I had 'interior' assurance, as Davis would say, that the fugitives would make their escape good. And to this hour, all efforts of the slave hunters to find even a track, after the snow had melted, (which lasted only a few hours,) has proved a most glorious failure.

The party returned from Ohio soon after noon.—After the snow had melted, they continued their course without being able to get any information of the whereabouts of the slaves, till they got weary, and so gave up the chase. One of them said he had been in two houses, where he made the inmates stare a good deal, but they offered no resistance to his going up stairs to look for *niggers*. He was as ugly a looking fellow as I ever saw, and used as ugly and rough language as it was possible for a man to use. And when he said, he walked right in, with a gun in his hand, and told the inmates that he was 'going up stairs to look for *niggers*,' I did not wonder they thought it safest to stand back.

While the party were over the river, the people here were busy talking, and it was from my observation, and from street and bar-room gossip, that I got my intelligence.

Ill and extravagant language about the abolitionists, free *niggers*, and the lately escaped slaves, was all one could hear in the street or room. Some declared that if the *niggers* had got to Ripley, which is two miles above, in Ohio, they might just as well be in Canada; for there were so many abolitionists there, that it would be impossible to get them. But if they had gone across toward Georgetown, they were certain to get them, as the people there were even more dexterous in taking runaways than Kentuckians!

And here let me drop a word of congratulation and encouragement to the abolitionists of Ohio. The slaveholders here are aware of the power and influence which you are wielding against their iniquitous institution. They fear and curse you. When their slaves get amongst you, they think (and well they may) it is good bye, *niggers*. They offer large rewards—$800 are now offered for the capture of those five who escaped on Saturday night last—two men, one woman, and two children.

In the afternoon, the owners of the escaping slaves arrived, and then there proved to be six on the missing list instead of four. Five slaves and a free man.

The free man had bought his freedom a few years before; and having tasted freedom himself, he induced his wife and two children, with two other friends, to make a strike for freedom, which I think they have pretty successfully done

The free man had been in town a few days before, trying to make sale of a lot of tobacco. The people say it was to look for a skiff, and not to sell tobacco. They brand him with infamy of the deepest dye for stealing his wife and children. Against him they pour out their vilest epithets. Some wished, when he was in town to sell tobacco, they had put him under a tobacco press. The vicious, ugly man I before alluded to, wished for a chance at him with his gun, and he would 'bring him down.'

But I have been too tedious, and perhaps have written too much for your paper, about what every abolitionist knows full well to be true.

KENTUCKIAN.

From the Journal of Commerce.

THE COMPROMISE.

We have already published the yeas and nays, in the United States House of Representatives, on the adoption of Mr. Hillyer's resolution, declaring that the Compromise measures of the thirty-first Congress 'are regarded as a final adjustment and a permanent settlement of the questions therein embraced, and should be maintained and executed as such.' An analysis of the names, by sections and parties, shows the following results:—

FOR THE RESOLUTION.

Whigs from non-slaveholding States,	11
Whigs from slaveholding States,	21
Total Whigs voting for the resolution,	32
Democrats from non-slaveholding States,	37
Ditto from slaveholding States,	21
Total Dems. voting for the resolution,	68
Total vote for the resolution,	—100

AGAINST THE RESOLUTION.

Whigs from non-slaveholding States,	27
Ditto from slaveholding States, (Clingman of North Carolina,)	1
Total Whigs,	28
Democrats from non-slaveholding States,	20
Ditto from slaveholding States,	17
Total Democrats,	37
Total against the resolution,	—65

Next look at the vote by geographical sections, without reference to party:—

Total from the non-slaveholding States—	
Whigs and Democrats, voting for the resolution,	48
Do. against the resolution,	47
Majority in the non-slaveholding States in favor of the resolution,	1
Total from the slaveholding States,	
Whigs and Democrats voting in favor of the resolution,	52
Do. against it,	18
Majority in slaveholding States in favor of the resolution,	34

Hence it appears that a majority of *one* in the non-slaveholding States, and a majority of 34 in the slaveholding States, have declared in favor of the finality of the Compromise, and that it should be maintained and enforced as such.

If from the 65 noes we deduct the 18 given by members from the slaveholding States, on the ground that the Compromise concedes too much to the North, it will leave 47 votes, as the full amount of visible opposition to the Compromise, from Maine to California.

It is true, there were many absentees, but most of them, it is believed, had they been present and voted, would have pronounced in favor of the Compromise. Mr. Briggs, of this city, who was among the absentees when the vote was taken, came in immediately after, and asked to have his name recorded among the yeas. It is not included in the above numbers.

For the information of those who are curious as to particular names, we here classify the votes by States as follows:—

MAINE.—Yeas—Fuller, M'Donald. Noes—Goodenow, Smart, Washburn. Absent, or not voting, Andrews, Appleton.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.—Yeas—Hibbard, Peaslee. Noes, Perkins, Tuck.

VERMONT.—Yeas—none. Noes—Bartlett, Meacham, Miner. Absent—Hebard.

MASSACHUSETTS.—Yeas—Appleton. Noes—Fowler, Goodrich, Mann, Rantoul, Scudder, Thompson. Absent—Duncan, Allen, Davis.

RHODE ISLAND.—Absent—both members.

CONNECTICUT.—Yeas—Ingersoll, Seymour. Nay—Chapman. Absent—Cleveland.

NEW YORK.—Yeas—Brooks, Dean, Hart, Haven, Haws, Martin, Murray, Schermerhorn, Seymour, Stevens, Sutherland. Noes—Buel, Floyd, Horsford, Jones, Jenkins, Ives, P. King, Sackett, Schoolcraft, Wallbridge, Wells. Absent—Bowne, Briggs, Schoenmaker, Boyd, Russell, Snow, Bennett, Babcock, How, Robie, Haskell, Burrows.

NEW JERSEY.—Yeas—Brown, Price. Noes—none. Absent—Stratton, Skelton, Wildrick.

PENNSYLVANIA.—Yeas—Chandler, Curtis, Dawson, Florence, Gamble, Kuhns, Kurtz, Robbins, Ross. Noes—Allison, Grow, T. M. Howe. Absent—Moore, M'Nair, Morrison, Stevens, Jones, Dimmick, Fuller, Bibighaus, McLanahan, Parker, J. W. Howe, Gilmore.

DELAWARE.—Yea—Riddle.

MARYLAND.—Yeas—Bowie, Hamilton, Hammond, Walsh. Noes—none. Absent—Evans, Cottman.

VIRGINIA—Yeas—Bayley, Edmundson, Faulkner, Letcher, M'Mullen, Strother, Thompson. Noes—Averett, Bocock, Caskie, Holladay, Meade, Milson, Powell. Absent—Beale.

NORTH CAROLINA—Yeas—Dockery, Outlaw, Stanley, Morehead. Noes—Ashe, Clingman, Daniel, Venable. Absent—Caldwell.

SOUTH CAROLINA.—Yeas—none. Noes—Aiken, McQueen, Orr, Wallace, Woodward. Absent—Burt, Colcock.

GEORGIA.—Yeas—Hillyer, Jackson, Johnson. Noes—Bailey. Absent—Murphy, Chastain, Stephens and Tombs.

FLORIDA.—Yea—Cabell.

ALABAMA.—Yeas—Cobb, Houston, Smith, White. Nay—Bragg. Absent—Abercrombie, Harris.

MISSISSIPPI.—Yeas—Freeman, Nabors, Wilcox. Noes—none. Absent—Brown.

LOUISIANA.—Yeas—Landry, Moore, Penn, St. Martin.

TEXAS.—Yeas—Howard, Scurry.

ARKANSAS.—Absent—Johnson.

MISSOURI.—Yeas—Hall, Miller, Porter. Noes—none. Absent—Darby, Phelps.

IOWA.—Yeas—Clark, Henn.

WISCONSIN—Yeas—none. Noes—Doty, Durkee, Eastman.

ILLINOIS—Yeas—Allen, Ficklin, Richardson, Yates. Nays—Campbell, Mohny. Absent—Bissell.

INDIANA.—Yeas—Davis, Dunham, Fitch, Gorman, Hendricks, Lockhart, Parker, Robinson. Nay—Brenton. Absent—Mace.

OHIO.—Yea—Busby. Noes—Barrere, Cable, Campbell, Edgerton, Gaylord, Harper, Johnson, Newton, Sweetser, Stanton. Absent—Disney, Bell, Green, Taylor, Olds, Welch, Hunter, Cartter, Giddings, Townshend.

MICHIGAN—Yea—Stuart. Noes—Penniman, Conger.

KENTUCKY.—Yeas—Breckenridge, Ewing, Grey, Marshall, Mason, Stanton, Stone, White, Ward. Noes—none. Not voting—Boyd (Speaker.)

TENNESSEE.—Yeas—Gentry, Johnson, Jones, Polk, Savage, Stanton, Watkins, Williams. Noes—none. Absent—Churchwell, Cullom, Harris.

CALIFORNIA.—Yeas—McCorkle, Marshall.

The Liberator.

BOSTON, APRIL 16, 1852.

AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

The Annual Meeting of the American Anti-Slavery Society will be held in the city of ROCHESTER, N. Y., on TUESDAY, May 11th, at 10 o'clock, A. M., and will continue through the two following days.

☞ Among the speakers who will attend the anniversary are Wendell Phillips, Wm. Lloyd Garrison, Samuel J. May, Parker Pillsbury, Abby K. Foster, and Samuel May, Jr.

WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON, *President.*
WENDELL PHILLIPS, SYDNEY H. GAY, } *Sec'ry.*

[From the Commonwealth of Tuesday.]

THE ANNIVERSARY
OF THE
KIDNAPPING OF THOMAS SIMS,
April 12, 1851.

At the call of the Vigilance Committee of Boston, the Melodeon was filled at 10 o'clock yesterday morning, with as fine looking an audience as one could wish to see—substantial, intelligent men and women, who showed in their very faces that they look higher for the law that governs their conduct than to a set of brandy-drinking, cigar-smoking, small-potato politicians, who have the good luck or the cunning to get assembled together in a room at Washington. They came together to recal the humiliating past, and consult for a better future. The exercises were appropriately opened by the reading, by the Rev. T. W. Higginson, of several well selected and sublime passages of Scripture, among which were Isaiah's description of an acceptable fast, and the principles of the divine judgment laid down in the Gospel of Matthew. Rev. Mr. Foster, whose name was in the programme, and who last year made the memorable prayer from the end of Long Wharf, not being present, Mr. Higginson offered a prayer suitable to the occasion.

The following Hymn was then read by Rev. John Pierpont, its author, in a truly eloquent manner. At several points in the reading, the instinctive approbation of the audience could not be restrained, and there was a *spiritual rapping* which would have done the pious master of Sims good to feel:—

HYMN.

BY REV. JOHN PIERPONT.

Souls of the patriot dead,
On Bunker's height who bled!
The pile, that stands
On your long-buried bones—
Those monumental stones—
Should not suppress the groans,
This day demands.

For Freedom there ye stood:
There gave the earth your blood;
There found your graves;
That men of every clime,
Faith, color, tongue and time,
Might, through your death sublime,
Never be slaves.

Over your bed, so low,
Heard ye not, long ago,
A voice of power,
Proclaim to earth and sea,
That, where ye sleep, should be
A home for Liberty,
Till Time's last hour?

Hear ye the chains of slaves
Now clanking round your graves?
Hear ye the sound
Of that same voice, that calls
From out our Senate halls,
'Hunt down those fleeing thralls,
With horse and hound!'

That voice your sons hath swayed!
'T is heard, and is obeyed!
This gloomy day
Tells you of ermine stained,
Of Justice' name profaned,
Of a poor bondman, chained,
And borne away!

Over Virginia's springs,
Her eagles spread their wings;
Her Blue Ridge towers;
That voice, once heard with awe—
Now asks—'Who ever saw
Up there, a higher law,
Than this of ours?'

Must we obey that voice?
When God, or man's the choice,
Must we postpone
HIM, who from Sinai spoke?
Must we wear Slavery's yoke?
Bear of her lash the stroke,
And prop her throne?

Leashed with her hounds, must we
Run down the poor, who flee
From Slavery's hell?
Great God! when we *do* this,
Exclude us from thy bliss,
At us let angels hiss,
From heaven that fell!

The Hymn was well performed by a quartette, accompanied by the organ.

MR. PARKER'S DISCOURSE.

At quarter past eleven, Rev. Theodore Parker rose and delivered a discourse appropriate to the occasion, occupying nearly two hours, responded to by the most earnest attention, and, notwithstanding the speaker's request to the contrary, frequent outbursts of applause. We must content ourselves with a brief sketch of some of the leading points, without any attempt to give Mr. Parker's peculiar style, much less the deep pathos which marked much of it.

The Sermon, we understand, is to be published, and we have no doubt it will be extensively read, and awaken manly feelings, which are now much needed in New England.

There are times, said Mr. Parker, of private personal joy in life, which impress themselves too deeply to be willingly forgotten, and every annual recurrence of the day brings back a joy to the heart akin to the first. The lover rejoices when first another breast throbs in unison with his, and that day of the calendar becomes ever dear to him. What a joy has the father or the mother at the advent of a new born son or daughter; and how tenderly the birth day is cherished! And the anniversary of wedded life, how gladsome its recurrence, and the reminiscences it awakens amidst the cares of life, of the first sweet prophetic gleam of early love, sparkling with the dew of the morning, and the radiance of hope! And how delightful for the pair to look back and remember how one by one those olive plants came up around their board!

So, in the life of a nation, there are found days of joy, red letter days in the calender, when some great step was taken in the nation's progress, some great victory achieved, some great principle established, securing growth and prosperity. On the 22d day of December, all New England thanks God for the divine guidance which brought the steps of a band of pilgrims to our shores, and planted them here, and with them the principles of free and virtuous society which their children's children have enjoyed. Wherever two or three are gathered on that day in the name of New England, there is a springing up of the heart in joy and gratitude, whether it be on the western prairies or on the plains of California. So, too, we rejoice in the birth day of our nation, when for the sixth and seventieth time, we read the great programme of our progress. So rejoiced the Hebrews in commemorating their passover, wherein they were brought out of the land where they had been slaves. And the pyramids, which were even then the signs of obsolete ideas, have seen thirty-three centuries pass away since, and the passover is still celebrated.

Human history is full of these red letter days, observed from age to age with significant ceremonies, and keeping green the memory of great events; and so the world learns the great lessons they were designed to teach.

But there are periods of sorrow that demand commemoration not less than those of joy. The mariner remembers the day of his shipwreck, when, though rescued from the jaws of death, he suffered the loss of many dear to him, and came up from the ocean dripping with sorrow. The widow remembers the years of her widowhood. What is written in tears is not easily wiped out. It was the anniversary of Waterloo that most deeply impressed Napoleon at St. Helena. He brooded with melancholy interest over the day when his power passed away from him. Old mythologies represent the mighty defeated, coming back to the scenes of their defeat, and stirring up the living to avenge them. The Jews had days of mourning, in which they remembered the cities now desolate that were full of people. And it is wise for nations to live over their lost battles, and meditate on the causes of their defeat. Sometimes that defeat could not have been avoided; sometimes it comes by the nation's own wrong. So of the individual.—Sometimes a man commits a wrong which it is wise in him to commemorate in penitential bitterness. How Arnold must have remembered the 25th of September, when Andre and not he was hanged, the first foul blot on New England. Though enriched by the rewards of his treachery, how poor! In the individual it is wise to remember these days, and let them burn as beacon lights of warning to the soul. Such days have nations, when some gigantic iniquity is organised into a law, or some great wrong is perpetrated against the rights of the poor—days which deserve to be remembered with humiliation, and a stern determination to do away the wrong and restore the right.

The 12th day of April, 1851, is such a day of sin and sadness; for on this day, in this State, a great crime was perpetrated—a great crime against the laws of our State and the rights of the poor—a great crime on the one side, and a great defeat on the other. A poor man came to us, and Boston received him in a prison. He was in distress, and she sent unto him a Marshal and Commissioner. He laid hold of the horns of the altar, and he was rudely torn away, and given up to his enemies. He sent round to the churches his humble prayer, but—I speak of the leading churches—in the name of their trinity, the gold eagle, the silver dollar, and the copper cent, they baptized him a slave, and his petition was rejected. And this was done by the descendants of those who came to these shores to establish a church without a bishop, a state without a lord, and a family without a slave! In the name of the god of money, Massachusetts sacrificed a man. It was a disgrace to Boston. The fair fame of Massachusetts had not suffered such a smutch before. At such a sin and such a calamity in her older days, her churches and people would have fasted and prayed, and kept their powder dry.

We have a great historic precedent for this fast.—After the great Boston Massacre, a fast was appointed, and it was observed from year to year. It differed from this, that it called out the great men and the great ministers of the day. The Warrens and Tudors, Dawes and Hancock stood up here and spoke for liberty in this fast. The ring of British steel could not frighten John Hancock. In 1775, the sermon of this fast could not be heard in Boston, and they went to Watertown to hear it. But Gen. Washington preached another sermon on Dorchester heights which could be heard in Boston. It was not long between the 5th of March and the 4th of July, and then a sermon was preached which stirred the world. And from remembering five men shot down in the streets of Boston, it came that 3,000,000 obtained their liberty. Let us do the same by the kidnapping of Thomas Sims, till the colored race are free.

It was a dark day for New England, the 12th of April, 1851, far darker than the dark day our fathers tell of, when the candles had to be lighted at noon. But New England has seen other dark days.

The passage of the Stamp Act, in 1761, was a dark day for New England. The Parliament said the people of Massachusetts should be taxed, and the Minister said they had no business to inquire into the reasons of the government for taxing them, but the people of Massachusetts said that, without their consent, they would not be taxed. The mercenary who then filled the Governor's chair, favored the oppression, and granted to the British officers the 'writs of assistance' that were desired. It was a dark day for our fathers. But there was a young lawyer at Hingham, James Otis was his name, who resolved to give up position and preferment, and whatever it might cost to oppose this injustice. The cause made him more eloquent than Burke. The rich and aristocratic Hutchinson cowed before the dauntless agitator.—After hearing Otis, John Adams said he could never read the Stamp Act without indignation. The Stamp Act was a dark cloud over the Colonies, but the birthplace of Franklin drew the lightning from that cloud, the rain descended, and the land was clothed in gentle green. There were men in that day, who had the hearts of men. On the 1st of November, 1765, they hung on the Liberty Tree, Mr. Huss, a New Hampshire man, who, in Parliament, recommended the obnoxious law. He was regarded as a traitor, though he was not a worse one than New Hampshire has since produced. He and Grenville, the minister, were hung in effigy, just as 248 years before, the Pope had been pilloried; they were afterwards taken down, and carried through the market under Faneuil Hall, and then carried to Dorchester Heights and burned.

The *stamps* nobody would take. I think you may never have seen one. I have seen one, but it was a great curiosity, and it was obtained in England. These stamped papers were placed with Oliver, the Secretary of the Colony, for distribution. But this Oliver was taken to the Liberty Tree, and made to take an oath that he would not distribute the badge of servitude, or do any thing to injure the Colony. The oath was administered by Richard Dana, a name honorable in history. It is something to come of noble blood, and this man's blood and spirit are not yet extinct among us. The women say that, in time of danger, it is a good thing to have a man in the house. Boston then had several of them. There was one Samuel Adams, who was a man who could not be bought by any office, nor awed by any threat. He devoted himself to the public welfare; yet it is recorded that he was 'neither rich nor a bachelor.' There were other men in the Legislature, and it was told to Governor Shirley that they were pushing against the government. There were Thomas Cushing and John Hancock, and the Adamses, Samuel and John. 'Cushing I know, and Hancock I know,' said Governor Shirley, 'but where the devil did this brace of Adamses come from?' Where they went to we all know. We know what came of their resistance to that Stamp Act. We know, for when we were boys, we used to get the speech by heart in which Pitt, in his sublime eloquence, demanded its unconditional repeal—and it was repealed.

But the passage of the Fugitive Slave Law in 1850 made a darker day than the passage of the Stamp Act. It was not done by foreigners, it was done by American hands; and it, too, was advised by an apostate son of New Hampshire. And how differently was it received in Boston! The news of the Stamp Act was received with the flags lowered to half mast, and every public demonstration of sorrow by rich and poor, the merchants, the people, and the clergy. On the other hand, by the merchants of Boston and the principal clergy, the news of the passage of the Fugitive Slave Law was received with joy, which they testified by firing 100 guns on the Common.

When the member of Congress from Massachusetts who voted for the Missouri Compromise, returned to Boston, he was hissed in State street—hissed all the way to Lanesboro'. But when the member from Boston who voted for the Fugitive Slave Law returned, he was received with high compliments. He was complimented chiefly by two classes; those who are made proud and haughty by having money, and those who are made servile and cringing by their love of money. And yet, there was no comparison between these unrighteous laws. The Missouri Compromise was but looking over the hedge; the Fugitive Slave Bill was stealing all the sheep in the flock.

On the 18th of September, 1850, the Fugitive Slave Law was passed. On the 18th of September, 1765, the Selectmen of Boston met—for Boston had Selectmen in those days, and not such things as Mayor and Aldermen have been in these days—and they voted unanimously to instruct the Representatives in the General Court to oppose the Stamp Act as a violation of unalienable rights, and to oppose every measure tending to promote its execution. And this is the earliest use I find in history of the term *unalienable rights*.

When this Fugitive Slave Law was passed, there were in Massachusetts 8,900 colored people, all of whom were exposed to be dragged into slavery by its summary process. Before twelve hours, 35 of them had applied to a well known philanthropist to know what they should do; before 24 hours, 40 of them had fled to take refuge under the apron of a British Queen. The hand that sought liberty with the sword was now pledged to the kidnappers. With such Commissioners for judges, and such witnesses as the vilest constables could scrape together to testify against them, there was no hope but in flight. The men who are the most sensitive to cold, fled to a hyperborean winter. And they were driven out by Boston men. The Boston Massacre was done by foreigners. Boston kidnapping was done by volunteers, American born. This foul wrong Massachusetts should have resisted, but she was mute as the codfish that hangs in her State House. The people should have come together in a body, and appointed a Committee to see that the law was not executed; but it was not done.

I am a friend of law, but such an outrage on all law and right I will not obey. I will tear it in pieces and trample it under foot. This was for the people to do, but to no great extent was it done. There was a meeting in Faneuil Hall, but it was difficult to find any one to preside. At last, Samuel E. Sewall was asked, and we always know where to find him, if any thing is to be done for liberty. The elder Quincy wrote a noble letter, and a venerable clergyman (Rev. Dr. Lowell) made a prayer that we shall not soon forget. At that meeting, a Vigilance Committee for Boston was appointed, and a vigilant Committee it has been. It has saved the liberties of not less than 400 citizens. The Committee was not long without work. The first attempt, as we all remember, was to carry back the Crafts. William Crafts was not an easy man to take. I inspected his arms. They were good. His pistols were well adjusted, his powder was of good hard kernel, and kept dry. His caps would not fail. His poinard had a keen point, was elastic and of good temper. We remember who it was that came for him, and how he went back without him, and what became of him after he returned. His fellow-citizens told him they hoped he would rot in a Boston jail, but he went back, and was killed in a street brawl. Crafts defended himself from the kidnappers, and they dared not touch him. But the State and the Church were against him, and they were too much for him. He sought freedom on British soil, and now the widow of Lord Byron teaches him to read. Kidnappers came and went, but they took nothing. Then came the great Union Meeting in Faneuil Hall, where it was resolved, in effect, that a slave must be carried back to save the trade of Boston. I know there was great talk of saving the Union, but it was so generally understood that this was a stage trick, that I do not know more than two men in Boston who can be supposed to have really believed it, and their exiguity of intellect is such, that I do not dare to name them, lest they should fall to pieces. Shadrach was soon in their fiery seven times heated furnace, but the Lord delivered him. There was no victim. New York and Philadelphia were before us.

In the latter city, a judge, well named Kane, had made kidnapping an every day affair. Seven months in Boston, and no slave sent back! Mr. Webster's promises were unredeemed. Trade was in jeopardy. Men were sent round to say that they stood ready to purchase in Boston, but could not do it, so long as Boston stood opposed to the interests of the South. It was this alarm of the merchants that got up the Sims case, and enlisted the whole police of the city, and trampled on the laws of the State, to carry it through.

Mr. Parker proceeded most graphically to portray the difference between the Boston of Sam Adams and the Boston of Sam Eliot, and to show the cause of our present servility. He gave powerfully the story of the Sims trial, and the exultation of the merchants at the result. He showed the shortcoming of the Governor, the Courts, the Legislature and the people, and justified the Vigilance Committee in part, saying that it was not time yet to tell a part of its history, but he would tell it to posterity. We are sorry that our want of space forbids us to extend our sketch.

After the sermon, the following hymn was performed, and the services closed by the benediction.

HYMN.

BY REV. THEODORE PARKER.

Sons of men who dared be free,
For Truth and Right who crossed the sea!
Hide the trembling poor that flee
From the land of slaves.

Men that love your Fathers' name,
Ye who prize your country's fame,
Wipe away the public shame
From your native land.

Men that know the Mightiest Might,
Ye who serve th' Eternal Right,
Charge the darkness into light,
Let it shine for all.

Now 's the day, and now 's the hour;
See the front of Thraldom lower;
See advance the Southern power,
Chains and slavery.

See! the kidnappers have come!
Southern chains surround your home;
Will you wait for harsher doom?
Will ye wear the chain?

By yon sea that freely waves,
By your Fathers' honored graves,
Swear you never will be slaves,
Nor steal your fellow-man.

By the Heaven whose breath you draw,
By the God whose Higher Law
Fills the Heaven of Heavens with awe,
Swear for Freedom now.

Men whose hearts with pity move,
Men that trust in God above,
Who stoutly follow Christ in love,
Save your Brother Men!

AFTERNOON SESSION.

The Convention assembled at 3 o'clock, Mr. Phillips in the Chair. The Chairman stated that several letters had been received from distinguished friends of the cause in other States, in reply to invitations to be present and address the Convention. He said he would only occupy the time of the Convention by reading one, from a gentleman who was one of the earliest and most efficient friends of the slave in this country, but who, for some years, had not been prominent in the anti-slavery movement—THEODORE D. WELD:—

BELLEVILLE, N. J., April 3, 1852.

WENDELL PHILLIPS:

MY DEAR SIR—I have your letter inviting me to address the Convention to assemble in Tremont Temple on the 12th of this month—the anniversary of the day on which Thomas Sims, a citizen of Boston, was sent back to slavery under the Fugitive Slave Law of 1850.

I cannot be with you on the 12th, but I send to the Convention my heartiest congratulations upon the passage of that infamous and impious climax of diabolical legislation. I hailed its passage as the water doctor hails the first boil of a crisis. Let the internal ulcer break out upon the skin. That is the place for it.

The driving home of that true life-force—the 'higher law'—has at last wrought wonders at the centre; and that old gangrene, so long festering in the dark, has surged to the surface, and burst open in the run.

Thank God! the sepulchre is no longer *whited*. Its dead men's bones garnish its outer walls, and flout in the face of day. The South was frantic, the North panic struck, and the Fugitive Slave Law was their joint product. Both outwitted and befooled themselves and each other. Both know it now. But—all too late! Let hunted humanity take fresh heart.

'There's a good time coming.'

I am all heartiness,
THEODORE D. WELD.

The following letters, we regret to state, were not received in season to be read to the Convention, but they will be perused with the deepest interest by tens of thousands, through the medium of the press.

LETTER FROM CASSIUS M. CLAY.

WHITE HALL P. O., Madison Co., Ky. }
April 5th, 1852. }

DEAR SIR:

Your letter of the 24th ultimo, inviting me, on the part of the Vigilance Committee of Boston, to be present and address the Convention who will 'commemorate with appropriate services, in Tremont Temple,' the 12th day of April,—that on which Thomas Sims was sent back into slavery, under the Fugitive Slave Law of 1850,—was to-day received, and I hasten to reply. I receive this invitation, which circumstances will not allow me to accept, as a very distinguished honor, of which I am proud to make public avowal; and with feelings of gratification, because it will allow me, without the imputation of egotism, to enter my protest, as an American citizen and a man, against that most atrocious of all human laws! When I had the honor to make the canvass last summer, upon the sole basis of the constitutional overthrow of slavery in Kentucky, I separated from some of my ablest and longest-tried personal friends, upon the issue of making this law a part of the basis of the movement; it being generally conceded that my vote for Governor would be run up to twenty thousand, without opposition to the law, whilst I would not get as many hundreds by the opposite course. I cut the matter short by saying that, much as I hated slavery, I hated that law more! And now, after all the argument which time-serving statesmen and canting clergymen and a mercenary press have been able to advance, and the experience of near two years' action of strife and bloodshed and 'CONSTRUCTIVE TREASON,' I am of the same opinion.

We inherited slavery—we made that law! The Constitution of the United States, with sighs and tears, took slavery into its embrace—believing that our independence could only thus be secured. But the Fugitive Slave Law was begotten in lust of power, and defied all shame and self-respect! We admire our fathers of '76, whilst we hate the deed! Notwithstanding all my Christian charity, when I look upon the Fugitive Slave Law, I cannot but avow that I hate the deed and the perpetrators! I hate them—because they confound all moral distinctions—calling evil good and good evil!—because they did an atrocity of such magnitude upon the basest and most selfish motives;—but, above all, I hate them, because of their smooth-faced, hypocritical cant! This bill was passed under the pretence of preserving inviolate the Constitution, and, as a consequence, the Union of these States! Now, Mr. Mason, of the Virginia school of strict constructionists, its author, knows,—and Daniel Webster, the 'expounder of the Constitution,' and the 'Union Safety Committee' know—and every man of common sense knows, that the power of delivering up 'fugitives from service' is granted to the States as sovereigns only, and that Congress has no power whatever—not the slightest—to pass any such law. This is not the place for argument, but simple statement of an opinion. If this Union shall ever be hated, that law will cause it to be hated. If this Union shall ever be dissolved, that law will be its death-blow and cause of dissolution! So that were I an abolitionist of the disunion school, I should not, on the 12th, wear sackcloth and ashes, but greatly rejoice that good was being evolved out of evil, in destroying forever that hypocritical cant of politicians and priests, who can pray for all the atrocities of slavery, on account of the glorious blessings of freedom which the Constitution promises to the down-trodden nations—when now they are found in the very scoundrelism of trampling that Constitution under foot, in base submission to the slave-tyrants of the nation!

But as I am really a Union man, and for submission physically to the laws, I regret the passage of that law for the Union's sake; and whilst, on the one hand, as I avowed to Kentucky, all earth could not make me assist in the execution of that misdemeanor, on the other hand, I cannot give my sanction to a violent resistance of laws, while on the statute book, and not yet by the proper courts declared null and unconstitutional.

It adds to my regret at not being present on the 12th, that I shall miss the occasion of hearing the true Christian and man, THEODORE PARKER; and that I shall be unable to meet personally that disciplined band of men and women who constitute the American abolition party—whose motives I have, on all proper occasions, at great personal sacrifice, vindicated. To you comes no reward of earth; not in the social circle—not of gold—not the pleasures of sensualism, however much purified in the fine and plastic arts, in music, and in poetry—not the power of place, where ambition grows immortal in achievement, owing not whether of good or evil—not of fame, to lay in 'storied urn or animated bust'—but struggling ever for the TRUE and the MERCIFUL—giving utterance, at all hazards, to the voiceless wo of the millions, who else have no advocate—if there be on earth any receptacle of that divine spirit which God through man to man reveals, are you not the true priests? You are the avengers! and though Webster cry peace, and though faithless ministers cry peace, and though the press cry peace—though all the earth cry peace—and even though the 'Union Safety Committee' cry peace, there shall be no peace, till justice be no longer 'COMPROMISED'! To this liberty-casting people, of all nations the most oppressive, that God, 'whose arm is not shortened,' and whose ears are never closed to the poor and feeble who call for help, shall, through many brave spirits, North and South, ever thunder into the ears of tyrants—'*March*, MARCH, MARCH!'—*No more peace for ever, until the iron hand be loosed, and all men shall be* FREE.

I have the honor to be,
Your obedient servant,
C. M. CLAY.

WENDELL PHILLIPS, Esq.,
Chairman of Sub Committee, &c., Boston.

LETTER FROM JOSHUA R. GIDDINGS.

JEFFERSON, O., April 3, 1852.

MY DEAR SIR:

Were it convenient, I would gladly meet with the friends of freedom in Boston to commemorate the re-enslavement of Sims. The day should be observed as one of deep humility before God and mankind. On that occasion, the sons of free, enlightened and Christian Massachusetts, descendants of the Pilgrim Fathers, bowed submissively to the behests of a tyranny more cruel than Austrian despotism; yielded up their dignity and self-respect; became the allies of slave-catchers, the associates and companions of bloodhounds. At the bidding of slaveholders and servility, they seized the image of God, bound their fellow-man with chains, and consigned him to torture and premature death under the lash of a piratical overseer. God's law and man's rights were trampled upon; the self-respect, the constitutional privileges of the free States were ignominiously surrendered. A people who resisted a paltry tax upon tea at the common's mouth, basely submitted to an imposition tenfold greater, in favor of brutalizing their fellow-men. Soil which had been moistened with the blood of American patriots, was polluted by the footsteps of slave catchers and their allies.

But the heart sickens at the review of scenes so disgraceful to the character of our nation. A new encouraging spectacle was presented at Christiana. There man appears conscious of the dignity of his own character. Standing upon the free soil of Pennsylvania, he refused to surrender the freedom with which God had endowed him. Pressed by the barbarous slave-catcher, he nobly vindicated his claim to humanity by slaying his assailant, although they were sons of the same parent. When I first learned that the piratical Gorsuch had fallen by the hand of his brother, whom he claimed as a 'chattel,' I involuntarily exclaimed, '*Sic semper tyrannis!*' The day is not far distant when the name of 'Gorsuch, the fugitive,' shall be registered among the heroes of this age. He nobly defended the Constitution, which guarantees to the people of the North entire exemption from the crimes of slavery. To him, in coming time, shall be awarded the gratitude of our people, while infamy of the deepest dye shall gather around the memory of him who, of all others, gave the most efficient support to the Law which consigned Sims to slavery, and 'Gorsuch, the pirate,' to an untimely grave.

Yours for humanity,
J. R. GIDDINGS.

WENDELL PHILLIPS, Chairman of Vig. Com., Boston.

Mr. Phillips then read the following Resolutions:

Resolved, That, in our opinion, the surrender of Thomas Sims was a political trick; to serve the selfish ends of one truckling office seeker and his mercenary adherents, that the merchants of Boston were cheated into assisting it by the delusive hope of saving and increasing their Southern business, and that the clergy who sanctioned the infamous act, were made the cat's-paw both of the wire-pullers and their dupes, some ignorantly, and some in full consciousness that they were so used, but all in shameful recreancy to their duty, as men, citizens, and Christians.

Resolved, That we thank God we spoke our opinions so frankly at the time, and have uttered our protest so often since, against the cruel and atrocious wickedness, and ineffable meanness of the act, that we need not again describe it; but we seize this occasion to call attention to the fact that while tyrants and time-servers remain active and alert, the sympathy for the down-trodden and the weak is already beginning to abate, and that victim after victim is surrendered with less and less expression of public indignation.

Resolved, Therefore, That we advise all colored persons, liable to these arrests, to leave the United States, unless they are fully resolved to take the life of any officer who shall attempt, under any pretext, to seize them; and we urge the formation in every town of Vigilance Committees, prepared to secure to every person claimed as a slave, the fullest trial possible, and to avail themselves, fearlessly, according to their best judgment, of all the means God and nature have put into their hands, to see that substantial justice be done.

Resolved, That we call on all voters to elect only such men to office, either in city, town or State organization, as are not only willing but eager to use all their influence and power for the protection of our citizens; and we call on all Legislatures, claiming to represent freemen, to provide prompt and efficient methods of protecting the rights of Northern citizens, and nullifying this unconstitutional slave statute.

The first address of the afternoon was made by Rev. Daniel Foster, and was listened to with deep interest and attention. He was followed by Mr. John Rand, of Milton, who said he was anxious to have it known on which side he was—he was on the L

Mr. Garrison followed, earnestly combating the remarks of the preceding speakers on the right of public resistance on the part of the fugitive. He opposed that the recommendation to the fugitives to arm themselves be stricken out, and offered the following resolutions as an amendment:—

Resolved, That if 'resistance to tyrants,' by bloody weapons, 'is obedience to God,' and if our revolutionary fathers were justified in wading through blood to freedom and independence, then every fugitive slave is justified in arming himself for protection and defence—in taking the life of every marshal, commissioner or other person who attempts to reduce him to bondage; and the millions who are clanking their chains on our soil find ample warrant in rising *en masse*, and asserting their right to liberty at whatever sacrifice of the life of their oppressors.

Resolved, That the State, in which no fugitive does nor can remain in safety, and from which he must flee in order to secure his liberty in another land, is justly held responsible for all the crimes and horrors which cluster about the slave system and the slave trade—and that State is the Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

Adjourned to 7 o'clock in the evening.

Evening Session.

The meeting was addressed in an impressive and eloquent speech by Wendell Phillips, (for a full report of which, see the next *Liberator*,) and also by John Read, Dr. Wetherbee, Wm. Lloyd Garrison, Thomas Russell, Charles Lenox Remond, William Henry Channing, and —— Wilder. For particulars, see our next week's issue. On motion of Mr. Phillips, the resolutions were laid upon the table, and at a late hour the meeting adjourned. It was an occasion long to be remembered.

MEETINGS IN CONNECTICUT AND RHODE ISLAND.

Lewis Ford gave the readers of the *Liberator* accounts of our meetings up to March 18. Our subsequent meetings were, in the main, very successful.

At Ledyard, the subject was entirely new. When we reached the place of meeting, the house was neither lighted nor warmed. Henry Watrous, a true friend of the cause, purchased some candles, and by the help of a few candlesticks, and some small blocks of wood, in which a hole had been bored, we had enough of light to 'make the darkness visible.' While the audience were gathering, some wood was procured, a fire kindled, and by the time all things were ready, the hall was well filled with men and women, who listened attentively more than two hours, and who then lingered, at the close of the meeting, evidently willing to hear more.

The next evening, we were again at Mystic. All threatening and rowdy demonstrations were out of sight. The community, thoroughly ashamed of the proceedings at our previous meeting, gave us the largest, quietest and best meeting we had had. There are some young men there, upon whom, if we may judge by the manner in which they seconded our efforts, the cause may depend for essential service.

Our next meeting was held on Sunday, at what is called the 'Old Cradle of Liberty,' where many hard battles in behalf of free speech have been fought and won. We had free talk there, and profitable, too, from the citizens gathered on that occasion. May that old-fashioned and oaken cradle keep on rocking! Be the hope of our cause is in free discussion. The same evening, we held a meeting in a neighboring school-house, which was well filled with attentive listeners.

Our next meetings were in Rhode Island; two at Temperance Valley, one at Hopkinton City, and four at Westerly. Our first three meetings received little or no opposition, and were well attended. At Westerly, our true friend, Charles Perry, procured places for meetings, and gave notice, but he was met with the old cry of 'infidel.' The Episcopal clergyman refused to give the notice of our meetings; the Presbyterian did give it, but was sorry, when he learned that we were Garrisonians. The sectarians generally were alarmed, but the people were ready to hear. Our first meeting was held in the vestry of the Seventh-Day Baptist Church, (and might have been held in the main body of the house, but for the abundant use of tobacco, which defiles all it touches,) which, though large, was yet crowded to its utmost capacity, and many went away, unable to get in. We held our sessions all day Sunday, in the Seventh-Day Baptist meeting-house, and it is due to this denomination to say, that at all our meetings in Connecticut and Rhode Island, we received their cordial co operation. If other sects would in the same way give 'the hearing ear,' the Church would soon free herself from her guilty position towards the slave. Sunday evening, we held our meeting in the Union Church, which, notwithstanding great effort had been made to prejudice the community against us, was filled to overflowing. The pulpit, the pulpit stairs, the galleries, every inch of space was occupied. Not less than six hundred persons were present, and many could not get in. That audience, in some parts literally piled over each other, remained until past nine o'clock, so quiet that a whisper might have been heard all over the house. Prejudices were removed, and warm friends were secured both to the cause and to ourselves personally, though the *worst truths* were told of the Church. It will be in vain, in that community, now that the people have heard, to try to prevent their hearing further. We received earnest invitation to visit the place again, and intend to do so at some future time. We left them with their fervent expressions of kindness and 'God-speed' ringing in our ear, giving assurance that our labor had not been in vain.

From Westerly, we went to Kingston, whose cold, literary atmosphere seemed chilling indeed, after the very successful meetings at Westerly. But even here, where at first we met only repulse, 'God had not left himself without a witness.' We found the sister's there, who kindly gave us shelter, and assisted us in getting up a meeting; so that, though we had only half a day's notice, a hundred people came together, and we had a very good meeting.

The next day, Mr. Ford returned to Massachusetts, and I went to Peacedale, (a village of Kingston,) where friends aided cheerfully; held two meetings, which were well attended, and evident interest in the cause was produced. Notwithstanding their State election was just coming on, and both the temperance question and a United States Senator were part of the contest, they gave me a good hearing, and sixteen dollars for the cause.

LUCY STONE.

ONE WEEK'S EXPERIENCE OF A 'FIELD HAND.'

Dear Friend Garrison:

I will write you the experience of the past week. You need not publish it, unless you choose. Sometimes we have such weeks in the field service, in spite of all forecasts and provisions to prevent them.

I left Lawrence on Monday morning, on a tour Eastward. In the evening of that day, I lectured to a respectable audience in Rochester, N. H. Tuesday morning, we were whirling in the midst of one of the most violent snow storms of the whole winter. At three in the afternoon, I took the cars for Great Falls, where were to be meetings in the evening, and the evening following. On account of an accident, the train consisted only of freight cars, into which we were all stowed, men, women and children, as 'live stock' goes to Brighton.

Arrived at the Falls, I wallowed about in the snow and slush, the storm still continuing, in search of some one who could give me tidings of the meetings. But it came out that none had been appointed, nor any arrangements made. Mr. Grover was to have been with me, but the snow storms and drifts hindered the cars. So I took the business into my own hand. By floundering through the deep snow and water for a time, I learned that the only place we could possibly obtain was Central Hall. I found the proprietor, and he told me it could be had at six dollars an evening, though he afterwards said he did let it for five dollars sometimes. Before I had time to put in my plea of poverty, he told me it was to be occupied so many evenings, that our pre-engagements were such as to end the whole matter. Thus terminated the mission at Great Falls.

Having had no appointment made for Thursday evening, I was induced, by my friends in Rochester, to return and hold one more meeting there. The failure at the Falls gave me Wednesday evening also, and so, on short notice, we called a meeting for that evening too. By this time, friend Grover had arrived, and spoke the whole of Wednesday evening to a small but attentive audience. He left next morning to go on to Portland. At the appointed hour on Thursday, I went to the Hall. Not a soul was there, nor *body*, even—for they do not always come together. Nearly an hour afterwards, my audience had not increased in the least. It was *Fast Day*, and the people were keeping such a fast as—they had chosen. Such was the termination at Rochester.

On Friday morning, I set off for Kennebunk, the place of my appointment. The General Agent had written to persons who take the *Liberator*, to arrange and announce the meetings.

At the Kennebunk depot, I inquired for the persons to whom we had written, and found they lived five miles distant. I also learned that nobody lived nearer to whom I could apply, and that no place could be had in town, unless it were a small, remote school-house, for even a fugitive slave to hold a meeting.

Finally, I engaged a poor man, who had lost both hands and arms, by the premature discharge of a cannon, and who drove his horse by means of hooks attached to the stumps, to carry me the five miles to where our friends live. The day was dismal, and the riding as much so. But we arrived at last, and I was set down in the centre of a *clearing* of a few hundred acres, surrounded almost completely by a low, thick growth of pine woods. I took out my luggage, paid my fare, and made up to the house.

My repeated knocking brought no one to open. I tried the door, and found it fast. The other was faster yet. Then I went over the way, and enquired. The young woman thought the family were gone only a mile. The old lady said they were gone away to a funeral, several miles, and had been gone all day.

Here, then, I was, five miles from Kennebunk depot, still farther from Saco, the next nearest, and three or four miles, at least, from every where else—all alone, with my luggage, the skies scowling with threatening clouds, the distant forests fencing and surrounding me with their gloomiest curtains, and the almost impassable roads making their worst faces at me, and elongating their fearful miles to most immeasurable extent. The good old lady, however, insisted on my eating dinner, from which she and her daughter had just risen. Then, with both hands full of bags and bundles, I set off, on foot, for Saco.

I never in my life saw such intolerable walking in New England. The soil, much of the way, was clay, and the frost just coming out of it, and then a mingling of snow, it made a complete compound of Bunyan's 'Slough of Despond,' 'Enchanted Ground,' the 'Hill of Difficulty,' and all his dragons. The cold north-east wind, too, blew full in my face, and every sign denoted immediate storm. I plunged along as fast as possible, to escape that additional woe, and reached Saco and Biddeford late in the afternoon, *possibly* somewhat fatigued, and perfectly parboiled in a most healthy perspiration. It was a pilgrimage not to be forgotten.

The week has gone—and it has been one of most uncommon labor, disappointment, vexation and suffering. I have lectured to every body who came near me, but my labors in that line were confined to Rochester, and to two meetings. My travelling expenses have been three dollars and seventy-five cents, to say nothing of my walking, which was worth twice as much; my receipts have been *one dollar and five cents*, and I have not procured one single subscriber to any of our papers. Such is the experience of one week. Who would not be a soldier in such a warfare?

Yours, still full of hope and trust,

PARKER PILLSBURY.

Portland, 12th April, 1852.

'ARTFUL DODGERS' OF THE PRESS.

BY SHARPSTICK.

Consistency is a jewel not often to be found in the swine's snout of a partisan or business editor. He has supreme reverence for the 'Almighty Dollar,' in the first place; and next, regards it as his special duty to work and watch for the interests of his particular faction in politics or locality in trade. Honesty, candor, truthfulness, charity, philanthropy, are virtues which will not gain him half so much patronage as their opposite vices; therefore those virtues are shovelled into an obscure corner of his heart, and never exposed to the bleak atmosphere of society, until they 'pine away and die.' In some cases, these hack scribblers are compelled by circumstances, and by the dim regard for truth which never completely forsakes the human soul, to retract false statements, or do justice to unpopular reforms. But the manner in which they publish news, contradicting in the afternoon what they said in the forenoon, and turning the most surprising summersets between two days, ever putting foremost and polishing highest the side of the story that is favorable to their clan, is a fair type of the manner in which they treat moral questions—except that they are more anxious to blacken than to brighten the motives of every zealous friend of humanity, and will take double the pains to circulate petty slanders concerning such men that they will to present their readers with correct views of movements which are blessing the world.

Take a few instances of this truckling conduct in the Boston press. The *Transcript* and *Traveller* were formerly *quasi* Free Soil papers; both condemned the annexation of Texas, the Mexican war, and the Fugitive Slave Law in its inception. Both are now wallowing in the slough of 'compromise.' The *Journal* was a staunch temperance sheet a few years ago—indeed, was proscribed by the rummies of the city for its ardent advocacy of 'no license.' Now it is whist as a rat in a cheese concerning a far more thorough and beneficent statute. Its mouth is crammed so full that it can't get out a syllable in favor of the noble enterprises of the day. The old foe of drunkenness is changed to a friend of drunkenness personified—it supports Daniel Webster for President.

But of all the 'twisting and turning' done among that tribe of india-rubber men, the editorial fraternity, the defection of Horace Greeley from the ranks of freedom has moved me most. That he, whom in boyhood I regarded as a model political writer, should raise the 'paltry pedlar cries' of *protection* and *internal improvement*, and declare himself ready to 'eat Southern dirt' by sustaining Millard Fillmore in the coming campaign, if the regular Whig candidate—that *he* should 'cave in' so dreadfully, after the clear, cogent, high-wrought articles he has sent forth against legal kidnapping and in defence of Northern rights, is the most saddening of all my observations in the trickish profession of which he is perhaps foremost. My faith in the ultimate triumph of liberty is not in the least shaken; but it *is* painful and discouraging to have a capable and energetic officer you had counted upon in the great struggle skulk away to the enemy's camp!

☞ The Maine Liquor Law, with some slight amendments as it came from the Senate, (striking out the reference to the people,) passed the Massachusetts House of Representatives on Tuesday, by 85 majority

THE COLONIZATION SCHEME.

Pepperell, March 25, 1852.

Bro. Garrison:

We, the benighted inhabitants of Pepperell, have lately been favored with the labors of one Rev. Mr. Pratt, an agent of the American Colonization Society. By his efforts in the two pulpits, and from house to house and place to place, he succeeded in raising money enough to purchase a life-membership for the two priests of the town, who have charge of the two pulpits. Thus, the melancholy fact stares us in the face, that Rev. Charles Babbidge and Rev. Lyman Cutler, two good men, have, by Evangelical yeast and Unitarian dough, been forced to enrol their names among the constabulary force of American slavery, and do the bidding of Daniel Webster and Henry Clay, who, just at this time, are at the head of that department.

Thirty dollars was the price of admittance to the Society for life; and such was the pious mystification of the Reverend agent, that it was represented to me by some of the babes in this new system of grace, that the money was to buy a *pious* slave, to be sent to Liberia.

The Unitarians made quick work of it, and raised more than enough to make their pastor a life-member. But the Orthodox, for the first time in their lives, lagged in the work of begging. I think they had some scruples of conscience. They were even behind the Unitarians; yet they have assured me that the money shall be raised, and, therefore, I have assumed a fact not actualized a week or two ago.

These two clergymen are *they* who did *not* sign the memorial to Congress, praying the repeal of the Fugitive Slave Bill, when invited so to do. This Mr. Cutler is the man, who, last Fast day, conjured his people to obey the letter of the Slave Law, as ordained of God. And this Mr. Babbidge is the man, who, last Fast day, dare not pray out aloud for poor Sims, who, that day, stood on the confines of a hell more terrible than Unitarian theology ever proclaimed. When these two ministers stand before the people, in God's stead, with *his* covenant made with all people, nations, and races of men in their hands, and the by-laws of that covenant in their mouths, requiring them to do unto *all* others as they would require all others to do unto them, having undergone that deep and searching inquiry which every *Christian* man must daily undergo, viz., 'Have I been *silent* when my duty to God and humanity bade me speak?' what, think you, will be the effect of these certificates, purchased by the most '*respectable portion of their congregations*'? What a padlock upon their trembling lips! I doubt not they will be found weaker and weaker. It will rob them of their independence, and who is verdant enough not to see that this is the great object of that itinerant servant of the Slave Power's *adjunct*, who aided Mr. Pratt in his work? Did the Reverend gentleman call on any abolitionist? On the contrary, he was feasted and fostered by men long known to be hostile to colored people, who are interested, *warmly* interested in the market price of human souls—en who would no more fellowship an advocate of emancipation, than they would harbor or conceal a panting fugitive from the hell of slavery. These are the men who gave aid and comfort to the Reverend agent. These are the men who raised the money to make their pastor great abroad, and respected at home. These are the men who manage the religion of our town; they furnish the money—the priests furnish the prayers and sermons. They tell me they will not thrust upon their paymasters, views and opinions which they know their broad aisles would object to. But I must not digress from the object of this communication.

The Reverend agent answered us, that *their's* was a two-fold work of the Lord. While the expatriation of the colored people of this country would ultimately abolish slavery in America, at the same time it would evangelize Africa. Here two very large birds are secured in one very small *snare*; and he tickled their pious ears with glowing accounts of a half million of *converted, pious slaves, now in bondage*, as so many sickles of grace in the hands of the American Colonization Society, ready for the ripened fields of African idolatry, waiting only for the unction and anointing of the Most High and holy *quantum sufficit* of gold and silver. He did not see the ass protruding in the rear of his sanctimonious mantle. A half million regenerated, evangelized vessels of grace, ripe for the missionary posts in Africa, now held in Southern bondage by the organized *will* of 20,000,000 Christian people!

Having exhausted his capital in the above described stock during the day time at the two steeple houses, in the evening he tacked ship, took a different current, run up the black flag, and boldly sailed in the shallow water of our piety and democracy, with his expatriation papers open to full inspection. Having secured all the pious change available, his next work was to put his fingers into the purses of the negro haters, the Union Whigs and Democrats. He frankly owned that the free people of color were the *elect* of God to sail first for Liberia; thus proving every word we have ever said about that old hag, the American Colonization Society. 'While no white man could live in Africa, the free blacks were just the fellows to plant the Gospel on the pestilential shores of their Fatherland.' The climate of Africa would suit a Massachusetts colored man like a cold bath in a case of typhoid.

There is, in this town, a remnant of earnest men and women, who have never bowed the neck or bent the knee to our national idol. Their means are small, yet their faith is strong and unwavering; and the cause of universal freedom demands that some of her ablest apostles should visit this neighborhood; and I trust the day is at hand, when this great subject shall command the consideration of the better minds and hearts amongst us, in stronger tones than has ever yet been done by Whigs, Democrats or Free Soilers.

A. H. WOOD.

FAST DAY.

It was our privilege to attend the annual meeting of the Worcester County (North Division) A. S. Society, in the new and spacious Town Hall at Leominster, on Fast Day. Three sessions were held. Owing to the imperfect notice given of the meeting, the number in attendance was less numerous than usual, though our friends in Fitchburg turned out nobly. The following are the resolutions discussed on the occasion---the speakers being J. T. Everett, W. L. Garrison, and Daniel S. Whitney:---

1. Resolved, That we are assembled, on this occasion, not in obedience to the proclamation of the Governor, not to observe an annual ceremony in outward fasting and prayer, but to make use of the occasion to remember the millions of our countrymen, who, to-day, are clanking their chains as chattel slaves, and uttering the most heart rending cries to Heaven for their deliverance.

2. Resolved, That the acceptable fast to the Lord is a jubilee for all who are pining in bondage, and sincere repentance and ample restitution on the part of the oppressor—as set forth in the 58th chapter of Isaiah, and 7th chapter of Zechariah.

3. Resolved, That, in pretending to humble themselves, this day, as in sackcloth and ashes, for their sins, while giving their sanction to a Constitution which gives the amplest guaranties to a system of slavery truly colossal and indescribably cruel, and to a Union under which millions lie crushed and bleeding, and to a Fugitive Slave Bill which outrages every moral sentiment and every humane feeling, the people of Massachusetts stand self-convicted of revolting hypocrisy, and place themselves even below the ancient Jews on the score of effrontery and wickedness.

4. Resolved, That we are gratified to learn that the anniversary of that mournful and pregnant event, the kidnapping of Thomas Sims, is to be duly commemorated in the city of Boston on Monday next, by those who regard the rights of man, the supremacy of the higher law, the safety of the individual citizen, and the honor of Massachusetts; and we trust there will be a strong numerical demonstration and a heart-stirring meeting on that thrilling occasion.

5. Resolved, That obedience to the Fugitive Slave Bill is rebellion against God, and the acme of human criminality.

6. Resolved, That we blush at the efforts now making, both through Congress and the State Legislatures, to effect the expatriation of the free colored population to the pestilent shores of Africa, on the wicked pretence, that their complexion is such as to render their presence here unendurable, and for ever to keep them a separate and degraded class.

We are much obliged to Dr. Field and family for their hospitality on the occasion. We have not room for the Secretary's official report this week.

Norfolk County. Our anti-slavery friends, in this County, will have a very short notice of the annual meeting of their County Society, which is to take place at Dedham, on Thursday next—Mr. Phillips and other speakers to be present; but we rely upon them as 'the minute men' of the new revolution. [See advertisement.]

Terrible Steamboat Explosion—Great Loss of Life.—About half-past 2 o'clock, P. M., Saturday, the Madison and Cincinnati packet, Redstone, passed Carrollton. When about three miles above, she landed on the Kentucky side, and as she was backing out, her boilers exploded with a tremendous noise, tearing the boat to atoms, and causing her to sink in twenty feet water, in less than three minutes. Several gentlemen, whose attention had been attracted by the boat's racing, and the great quantity of steam she was working, saw the explosion. Her chimneys were blown half way across the river.

The fearful explosion occurred at the second revolution of the engine—three boilers exploded at the same instant. All the upper work of the boat forward of the ladies' cabin was blown to atoms—the hull swung round with the current, and immediately sank at the bow. There were on board at the time about sixty-five passengers, of whom it is thought that thirty five must have been killed. There were but two lady passengers on board, both of whom, and the cabin maid, were saved, and but slightly injured.—Among the killed are the Rev. Perry A. Scott, who had been on a visit to his parents, who, with his sisters, having just parted with him, were standing on the shore, and saw him blown to fragments; Mr. Goble, editor of the Lawrenceburg Press, and Mr. Myers, foreman in the same office. Mr. G.'s body was horribly mangled, and all the hair scalded from his head. The first and second engineers, and all the firemen were killed instantly. Mr. Soper, the first clerk, was standing near the office, and says the first intimation of the danger he had was being lifted up full one hundred feet, and falling into the river, he swam ashore; a moment after, he heard a cry of distress in the river a few feet distant; he swam out, and rescued a drowning person. This was the Captain, (Pate,) who had one of his legs broken. The pilots were badly injured. Capt. Wright brought Mr. Langley, one of them, up to Aurora; he had both legs broken. The other could not be moved, and it is probable that he will not recover.

The awful force of the explosion can be conceived from the fact, that a large piece of one of the boilers was blown *half a mile*, lacking five or six yards, from the wreck! Eleven bodies were blown into a cornfield at some distance from the water. Among them were those of the first and third engineers.

The people of Carrolton and vicinity hurried to the scene, and twenty-five dead and wounded bodies were immediately borne to a small farm house, which was converted into a hospital. The inmates of this house gave up their rooms, bedding, and every thing in their possession, to the suffering. The scene here beggars all description—the mangled and ghastly corpses by the side of the wounded and dying, with inadequate medical aid and means for the care of the latter, the floor of the rooms covered deep with blood.

The river for some distance below Carrolton was strewn with the fragments of the boat, machinery, furniture and clothing.

The Hoosier State, which came along soon after the catastrophe, rendered every assistance, and took on board fifteen of the wounded, of whom but two could help themselves, and brought them to this city, where the majority have either homes or friends.—*Cincinnati Gazette of the 6th.*

Public Opinion about Commercial Navies.—The lower House of the Pennsylvania Legislature have instructed their representatives in Congress to vote against steamboat appropriations, in the following resolutions, which were passed by a vote of 67 to 25:—

Resolutions relative to appropriations of money by the General Government to lines of steamboats.

Whereas, a large amount of money has, within the last few years, been appropriated by the General Government to various lines of steamships, giving some persons undue advantages in our merchant marine service over others, squandering large sums of the people's money upon projects of at least doubtful utility, fostering a spirit of speculation upon the resources of the national treasury, and leading to the belief that all private enterprises have a right to expect direct appropriations of money by the government to sustain them: therefore, be it

Resolved, by the Senate and House of Representatives of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, in general assembly met, That our Senators in Congress be instructed, and our Representatives be requested, to oppose the further appropriation of money by the General Government to any line of steamships whatsoever; because we regard such appropriations as highly injudicious, leading to a wanton expenditure of the public funds, making unjust distinctions among our citizens by appropriating money to the private enterprises of some, and withholding it from others, dangerous in its tendencies, and wholly unconstitutional, and foreign to the powers of the Federal Government.

Resolved, That a copy of this preamble and resolutions be transmitted to the Governor, to each of our Senators and Representatives in Congress, and that they be requested to present the same to their respective bodies.

A Noble Act.—The late Mrs. Ware, of Frankfort, Ky., by her will emancipated all her slaves—thirty in number—and, not content with giving up that which in Southern markets would command from $15,000 to $20,000, purchased for them thirteen hundred acres of good land in this State, and lying on the Miami canal. Twenty-seven of these disenthralled human beings arrived in this city, yesterday, from Frankfort, in charge of the executor of the estate of their late mistress. They are purchasing wagons, agricultural implements and stores for their new home, for which they will leave to-day. These liberated blacks will now have all the advantages of education, of religious culture and self-development, and their children's children, educated and ennobled, will dearly cherish the memory of the magnanimous Kentucky slaveholder.—*Cincinnati Gaz., March 31.*

☞ It will be seen by the reports of the New York State Colonization Society for 1849, '50 and '51, that while they have received $50,547.58, they have expended from that amount but $1,784.34 for the transportation of emigrants, as follows:—

RECEIPTS.

In 1849,	$12,358.48
1850,	15,824.24
1851,	21,334 86
	$50,547.58

EXPENDED IN TRANSPORTING EMIGRANTS.

In 1849,	$877.48
1850,	253 87
1851,	852.99
	$1.784.38

And much of this amount has been used in transporting emigrants not residents of New York.

Capital Punishment.—A report of the Select Committee to the Legislature of Penn., on the abolition of capital punishment, says, that in fifty-four years, seventy persons have been executed in this State for murder. Of one hundred and eleven persons who have been charged with murder in Philadelphia county, only ten were capitally convicted, three of these were pardoned, two died before sentence, and only five were executed, being one in twenty-two of the indicted. The Committee, after a careful consideration of the subject, have come to the conclusion that the death punishment, as a penalty for crime, ought to be abolished.

Lexington, Mo., April 9, 1852.

One Hundred Lives Lost.---The steamer Saluda, bound for Council Bluffs, exploded her boilers at this place to-day. She had on board, besides other passengers, a large number of Mormon emigrants. All the officers of the boat were killed, except the first clerk and mate. About one hundred lives are supposed to have been lost. The boat is a total wreck. Her boilers have been in use several years.

Rev. Calvin Fairbank. It is well known to our readers, that, a short time since, Mr. Fairbank was violently abducted from Indiana by armed ruffians from Kentucky, and carried by them into the latter State; and that he was there arraigned, tried and sentenced to fifteen years' incarceration in the Penitentiary, on the charge of having assisted a slave woman to make her escape. An act more illegal, an outrage more daring, has not been perpetrated in the land; but it has been passed over, by the press generally, with the utmost indifference. Mr. Fairbank has an aged mother and sister, in very destitute circumstances, residing in Bolivar, N. Y. For their present succor, and to enable the sister to go to Kentucky to intercede with the Executive for his release, and to procure suitable counsel, Mr. John Marshall, a very intelligent and estimable colored gentleman, from the West, has been authorised by them to procure such pecuniary assistance as the friends of justice and humanity may feel disposed to make. Mr. M. is recommended by such men as Levi Coffin, John Jolliffe and William H. Brisbane, of Ohio, 'as a suitable and trustworthy person to collect funds for the relief of Calvin Fairbank,' and has other excellent credentials. He is now in Boston, and desires us to state his intention to visit Worcester, (hoping to be assisted in publicly addressing the citizens of that place on Sunday evening next,) Providence, New Bedford, and other places.

Correction. We copied into the *Liberator* of the 2d inst., from a Worcester paper, as an item of intelligence, a statement to this effect—that a colored man, named Levi Henderson, a licensed preacher belonging to the Methodist Episcopal Church, and soliciting funds to redeem his wife and child from bondage, was charged, before Justice Green, with an illicit act, and bound over in the sum of $200 to answer the charge at the May term of the Court of Common Pleas.

Mr. Henderson has since called upon us, and made such a statement of the facts in the case, and brought such testimonials as to his character, as to convince us that he is the victim of a base conspiracy; and we have no doubt of his acquittal in May. Two highly respectable attorneys in Worcester have not only volunteered to defend him without charge, but have given him a letter, of which the following is an extract:

'Mr. Henderson has many very respectable friends in Worcester, by whom we are assured, that Mr. H. is worthy of any charities he solicits. During his visit in Worcester, for three days only, about three weeks ago, he remained at the house of a colored man, who appeared to be friendly to him, until he was about leaving for Boston. On being charged the exorbitant price of six dollars for three days' board, he refused to pay it, though willing to give a reasonable sum; and hence this conspiracy to injure his character. A police officer of the Court was so fully convinced of Mr. H's innocence, that he bailed him. We are fully convinced that an innocent man is held to answer a charge, of which there is not a particle of proof. We believe him entirely innocent, and hope his friends will overlook any report of the kind, and give to him as freely as if this recent oppression had not been imposed upon him.'

THE PHONOGRAPHIC TEACHER.

An inductive exposition of Phonography, intended to afford complete and thorough instruction to those who have not the assistance of an oral teacher; by E. Webster;—price 40 cents. FOWLERS and WELLS, Publishers.

A beautifully printed volume, made eminently plain to all Phonographers. Teachers will find this work a superior text-book for their classes; its instruction in the art is complete, and its reading exercises are in Phonography. Agents, Teachers, and the Trade supplied at 131 Nassau street, New York, and 142 Washington street, Boston.

Acknowledgment. A donation of five dollars, from Warren Lincoln of Raynham, for the help of fugitives, is hereby acknowledged.

☞ Kossuth has reached Washington on his return from his selfish, servile and inconsistent mission to the bloody and oppressive South, and is expected to arrive in Boston early next week. 'The spell is broken.'

TREASURER'S REPORT

Of Receipts, from March 1 to April 5, 1852.

From *Geo. W. Putnam*, for collections:

At Provincetown 1 16, Osterville 1 46, Cotuit Port 1 29,	$3 91
From Ladies' A. S. Society, Hyannis, by Caroline Hinckley	10 00
Stephen Barker, Methuen, 1 00; Nathan Coleman 1 85,	2 85
At Centreville	1 17—17 93

From *A. J. Grover*, for collections:

At New Bedford,	1 07
Wm. Cummings, Dartmouth, 2; others 1 10,	3 10
At Fall River 2, David T. Evans, Warren, R. I., 6,	8 00
At Coventry 25c, Warwick 50c, Susan Anthony 50c,	1 25—13 42

From *Lucy Stone*, for collections:

At Stoneham 1. Pembroke 1 36, West Duxbury 1 05,	3 42
Geo. Peterson 1, Carver Green 23c, S. Easton 1 83,	3 11—6 53

From *D. S. Whitney*, for collections:

At West Boylston	2 72
S. Sawyer, Berlin, 1; Oakdale 2 37,	3 37—6 09
From S. May, Jr., for bal. proceeds of Fair at Worcester,	1 82

From *Parker Pillsbury*, for collections:

In Fall River 2, Foxboro' 5 47,	7 47
Stoughton 3, Salem 1 62, Danvers 1 50, Daniel Buxton 1,	7 12
At Acton 60c, Union Village, N. Y., 10, Norfolk, Ct., 4 75,	15 35
At Winstead, Ct., 14 50, Naugatuck, Ct., 8,	22 50
At Hanover, Ct., 1 90, Willimantic, Ct., 1 70,	3 60—56 04

From *J. J. Locke*, for collections:

In Shutesbury 25c, Leverett 3 06, Montague 2 29, S. Deerfield 75c, Ashfield 73c, Conway 1 18,	4 95
Buckland 95c, Sunderland 60c, Whateley 75c, Plainfield 51c, N. Hawley 1 80, Charlemont 79c, Rowe 15c, Heath 2 70, Abigail A. White 1,	9 24—17 51

From *Lucy Stone*, collections:

At Pence Dale, R. I.,	8 54
John L. Leek 2, Sylvester Robinson 3,	5 00
Samuel Rodman 3, at Joppa 1 28,	4 28—17 82

From *A. J. Grover*, for collections:

At Greenville, R. I., 80c, at Chepachet 28c, Nightingale 25c, Simmonsville 30c,	1 63
At Ashland, Mass., 60c, Hopkinton 3, Holliston 40c,	4 00
At Sherburne 65c, of Amory Babcock 50c, of A. L. Babcock 50c, a friend in Waltham 25c,	1 90—7 53

From *S. May, Jr.*, for collections:

From Robert R. Crosby, to redeem pledge,	5 00
J. T. Everett, do, 5, J. N. Buffum, do, 25, Wm. Shew, do, 5, Thos. J. Hunt, do, 10,	45 00
Friends in Stoneham 7, and friends in Kingston 3, by Wendell Phillips,	10 00—60 00

From *Lucy Stone* and *Lewis Ford*, for collections:

At Mystic, Ct., 4 54, Greenmansville 5 38, Burnett Corner 1 03,	10 95
At Mystic River 2 93, Ledyard 37,	3 30
At Cradle of Liberty 2 60, Poquanoc Bridge 2 79, Temperance Valley 4 17, Hopkinton City 1 50, Westerly 6 96, Kingston 97c, of Joseph Cotterell, Mystic, 1, of J. Watrous, Jr., of Mystic River, 1, of Clark Greenman, of Greenmansville, 5,	25 99—40 24

From *Lewis Ford*, for collections:

At Easton 2 68, Dighton 1 69, N. Dighton 1 15,	5 52
At Somerset 9c, Pawtucket 2 12,	2 21—7 73

S. PHILBRICK,
Treasurer Mass. A. S. Society.

Brookline, April 5, 1852.

MASS ANTI-SLAVERY CONVENTION,

IN CINCINNATI, OHIO,

Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, April 27th, 28th 29th, 1852.

Friends of Freedom:

Do not forget our Convention. We invite all, from all parts of the United States, to come, or to send some one to represent every portion of the country. Let us have a great meeting. Surely the occasion is one of importance enough to call for some sacrifice of time and money. We press it upon you, as Christian patriots and philanthropists, to come, and let us take counsel together, in behalf of poor down-trodden humanity. Let not the oppressor rejoice over the apathy of those who in former years spoke with a voice of thunder in the ears of this guilty nation. Let not the slaveholder of the South, and the slave-catcher of the North, congratulate themselves that Abolition is dying off. If we are to die off, let us die on the moral battle-field, with our armor on, and our face to the enemy. But our cause will not perish; we shall leave it an inheritance to our children. Let *us* do what we can, with trust in God, and those who come after us will finish the work.

We have engaged for the Convention the best hall in the city of Cincinnati—commodious, elegant, and well located. We have sent special invitations to all the distinguished anti-slavery speakers in the United States, and we have the promise of several able orators that they will attend, among whom are Messrs. Frederick Douglass, Samuel J. May, Charles Lenox Remond, and Hon. Geo. W. Julian; and we have partial promises from Gerritt Smith, Esq., Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, and a number of others.

The delegates, on arriving in the city, will please call and enroll their names at the office, 110 Sixth st. Arrangements can probably be made for the delegates to travel on the railroads leading out of the city at half fare. Every effort will be made to provide for the hospitable entertainment of the delegates.

Again we say, come all who can, to encourage and strengthen true hearts for the good work, and to inspire new hope for the poor slave.

Yours, for humanity,

W. H. BRISBANE,
J. JOLLIFEE,
CHRISTIAN DONALDSON,
J. H. COLEMAN,
E. HARWOOD,
LEVI COFFIN,
} *Committee.*

Cincinnati, Ohio, March 26, 1852.

MEETINGS IN MAINE.

Parker Pillsbury and Alonzo J. Grover, on behalf of the *New England Anti-Slavery Convention*, will hold meetings in the State of Maine as follows:

Brunswick, Topsham,	Friday, to Sunday,	April	13.
Bath,	Monday,	"	19.
Biddeford,	Wednesday,	"	21.

LUCY STONE.

An Agent of the Mass. Anti-Slavery Society, will lecture as follows:—

Fitchburg,	Sunday,	April	18.
Milford,	Monday,	"	19.
Woonsocket,	Tuesday,	"	20.
Cumberland,	Thursday,	"	22.
Oneyville,	Saturday and Sunday,	"	24 & 25.

NORFOLK COUNTY ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

The annual meeting of the *Norfolk Co. Anti-Slavery Society* will be held in DEDHAM, at Temperance Hall, on THURSDAY NEXT, April 22d, at 10 o'clk, A. M.

W. L. Garrison, Wendell Phillips, and other advocates of the cause, will be present.

EDMUND QUINCY, *President.*
Anne W. Weston,
W. I. Bowditch,
} *Secretaries.*

ABINGTON NOTICE.

Rev. Thomas T. Stone, of Salem, will hold three meetings at the Town Hall, on Sunday, April 18.

BUY—READ—CIRCULATE.

☞ The Proceedings of the Woman's Rights Convention, a neat pamphlet of 212 pages, containing the Reports of several Committees, and the Speeches, as Phonographically reported, is for sale at the Anti-Slavery office, 21 Cornhill.

LUCY STONE.

WANTED TO PURCHASE,

Proceedings of the A. S. Convention assembled in Philadelphia, Dec. 4, 5, 6, 1833—which resulted in the formation of the A. A. S. Society;

First, second, third Annual Reports of the American A. S. Society;

Garrison's Thoughts on Colonization.

Any one who has either of the above for sale, will confer a favor on me by informing me of the fact, by a letter addressed to me in Boston.

WM. I. BOWDITCH.

WANTED.

Two young colored men want situations. One of them is a blacksmith, but is ready to engage in other labor, if necessary. The other is desirous of a steady place in the country. Apply to Samuel May, Jr., 21 Cornhill.

MARRIED—In this city, on the 8th instant, by Rev. L. A. Grimes, Mr. John T. Mathews, of Virginia, to Miss Ann G. Thompson, of Boston.

CHILDREN:

THEIR HYDROPATHIC MANAGEMENT IN HEALTH AND DISEASE.

A DESCRIPTIVE and practical work, designed as a guide for families and physicians. Illustrated with numerous cases. By Joel Shew, M. D.; 12mo, 432 pages. Price $1. Just published, by

FOWLER

POETRY.

For the Liberator.

THE HUNTER AND HIS PREY.

They have snapped the heavy fetters,
With which their limbs were bound,
And are flying—madly flying—
From the hunter and the hound!
On, bravely on, though weary,
Through wild-wood, field and flood,
They press their way to freedom,
In foot-prints marked with blood!

From the hell of Southern bondage,
To the green hills of the free,
They fly for refuge and for rest,
Beneath old Freedom's tree!
And, to our Northern altar,
All hopefully they cling,
While above the bloodhound's baying,
Their notes of triumph sing!

Ah! vainly are they clinging
To our Northern altar now!
The flame is quenched on Freedom's shrine,
Forgotten, Freedom's vow!
And Rights, for which the fathers bled,
Upon our Southern plains,
Are bartered, by their dastard sons,
For infamy and chains!

See! the mad waves of oppression,
Leaping onward in their wrath,
Have swept the ancient landmarks, set
Along the pilgrim's path!
And where, of old, a sure retreat,
The crushed and flying found,
A vile law gives the sons of God
To hunter and to hound!

Shame on thy soil, New England,
Which the exiled pilgrims trod,
When they gave it, mid hosannas,
Unto freedom and to God!
Shame, shame, that, through thy borders,
And in the light of day,
The Heaven-accursed hunter seeks
His flying human prey!

E. D.

For the Liberator.

THE QUESTION SETTLED.

'But the end is not yet.'

The question settled—is it, truly?
Signed, sealed, and filed, the paper, duly?
Have anti-slavery men surrendered?
Has each his resignation tendered?
Will 'rub-a-dub' no more be sounded,
While death's dark covenant is 'expounded'?
The Higher Law no more be heard of?
And Justice—not another word of?
Is parchment somewhat more than human?
A dough-face better than a true man?
Shall poor Humanity stand trembling,
While putrid 'patriots' are dissembling?
Ye 'settle questions,' little fearing!
How—do ye give all sides a hearing?
Bravely ye give up all to others,
When all ye give up is your brothers'!
Will this thing stick just where ye pin it?
No! where ye end it, we'll begin it!

AGITATOR.

For the Liberator.

THE MODEL REPUBLIC.

BY HORATIO N. SPOONER.

Ay, paint your glory as ye will,
And raise your starry banner high,
Those crimson stripes do mark it still;
Still do we hear the bondman's cry!
Yes! Slavery's curse broods o'er the ground,
Where Freedom's martyrs' graves are found!

How can ye boast that ye are free,
While Slavery's chains ye dare not break?
While the surrounding nations see
The sacrifices that ye make?
For, every living eye must see
Your offerings to Slavery!

Think ye that millions, sharing wrong,
May give that wrong the hue of right!
That resting sin upon a throng
Will make the mountain load more light?
The sin is undivided still,
And each transgressor foots the bill!

From the Ohio Cultivator.

LOVE AND DUTY—THE POET'S WREATH.

BY FRANCES D. GAGE.

I'll set my pen in my inkstand now,
And go back to my work again;—
No laurel wreath can grace my brow,
My struggles are all in vain:
For the children I love with a mother's pride,
Will soon have their elbows out—
Their buttons all off, and their strings untied,
If I don't mind what I'm about.

I'll set my pen in my inkstand now,
For the snow-flakes are falling around,
And the dahlia roots must be taken out,
And the tulips set in the ground—
My rose trees protected from frost, or they
Will refuse in the spring to bloom
To bless my eye, and no bright boquet
Shed its love-light o'er my home.

The laurel wreath is not for me,
Nor for me the poet's crown—
For while I am scribbling my rhymes, you see,
My bread is often *done brown*;
And while I'm striving Parnassus to climb,
The dinner behindhand will get;
And my folks prefer warm dinners to rhymes,
And I prefer smiles to a fret.

Oh! if we could live upon rhymes and song,
What a fanciful world this would be!
No jingling bell or discordant gong
To smother its harmony!
It would be a world of zephyrs and dews,
Of sweet singing birds and flowers,
Of sparkling skies, with their rainbow hues,
Beaming smiles, and sun-shiny hours.

But who would enjoy such a life of delight,
Such a sugar-kiss life, after all?
Or who would eat honey from morning till night,
With no bread or bacon at all?
No! a life of labor and earnest care
Is the sphere God meant us to fill,
And he scattered his rose-buds here and there,
To make it more beautiful still.

I will set my pen in my inkstand now,
And when my day's duties are done,
With a cheerful heart and a cloudless brow,
My spirit shall soar to the sun;
'Life's cares and its pleasures' to me are my friends,
If those are but holy and true,
And when fortune a leisure moment sends,
I'll scribble a rhyme, love, for you.

I'll set my pen in my inkstand now,
And away to my work again—
For the poet's crown may not press my brow,
Nor the poet's thoughts my brain—
But the only wreath I will strive to wear,
Is a wreath of fadeless beauty,
All blushing with garlands most rich and rare—
The flowers of Love and Duty.

November, 1851.

The Liberator.

SOUTH HINGHAM, April 3d, 1852.

FRIEND GARRISON:

I have had considerable desire, of late, to add some reasons to those already offered in the *Liberator*, why the Bible, like every other book, should be subjected to the same kind of criticism; be measured by the same standard, and accepted or rejected according to our best conceptions of truth and duty. But on looking over my papers to-day, I found a number of the *Spirit of the Age*, published by Fowlers & Wells, N. Y., and edited by Wm. H. Channing, the well known philanthropist and reformer. The following article, which I found in this number, is written by J. K. Ingalls, and presents, to my mind, the clearest and most truthful view I have ever seen of the position we must take, in order to judge truly of the merits or demerits of any book. It sweeps away at once that foolish and ridiculous idea of infallibility and inspiration, to which many so tenaciously adhere. By copying it into the *Liberator*, I feel confident you will be doing a great service to many readers of your paper.

Very truly, yours, &c.,

JOHN CUSHING.

BOOKS—THEIR SPHERE AND INFLUENCE.

In the history of human development, books maintain an important position. We are indebted to them, in a material sense, for all our acquaintance with the past, and for that wide diffusion of knowledge which distinguishes our age. And yet, in a higher sense, there is no single thing which has stood so much in the way of man's advancement as his idol worship of them; for books, as well as other things, which God has created or man has made, may stand for idols, to a nature perverted from its legitimate sphere of exercises.

To be able to comprehend our subject, it is necessary to bring our minds up to a sphere of thought measurably above it. We must take our stand independent of the books, ere we can judge truly of their quality, design or influence. This preliminary cannot be too strongly insisted on; for there are books which are deemed above criticism—the very idolatry suggested having clothed them with an odor of sanctity it is treason and impiety to invade. Let us stop here, then, on the very threshold of our investigation, and determine one thing—whether we *are* able to judge of the qualities of any book which challenges our reverence and submission. If it is admitted that we do possess such ability, then we may proceed. If any contend that we are not competent to decide on so momentous a question, then it is insisted that *they* shall be consistent with their decision. Of course, they must never say that the book they reverence is *true*; for that presupposes their capability of knowing truth from error, and that they would have known, had this book contained error. They must not say that it is a *good* book; for how can they know that it is good, if they would not have known had it been evil? They must not pretend that the book is from God; this presupposes that they are competent to judge what is worthy of Him, and that, too, by sources independent of the book itself. The very claim set up for the sacredness of any book is self-contradictory, assuming that the same qualities of mind have been exercised, in making up the estimation which we are forbidden now to employ. The fear of being accused of presumptuously sitting in judgment on 'God's Word' has silenced many a sincere, though timorous inquirer after truth. Yet you will find none so reckless as to insist that every book is the word of God which puts forth such a claim. A standard of judgment must be supposed, by which all books are tried; and this is all that the rationalist asks—the same liberty which they assume to decide what is the Word of God. The fact that those who condemn this position as impious, occupy precisely the same themselves, should be sufficient defence against their charge of impiety, on however low a plane. In a truer light, those will be clearly proved guilty of idolatry who allow a book to dwarf their intellect, check their soul's aspiration for light and freedom, or in any way abstract the communion between the human spirit and the great Father.

But it is necessary to comprehend what is below books, as well as to rise above them, in order to realize fully their influence on human advancement. Perhaps a figure will enable us to comprehend what the world was without them. Let them be represented as mental storehouses, of capacity proportioned to the treasures they preserve. The condition of man in a savage state, without shelter, dependent on the spontaneous productions of nature for a precarious supply of his wants, is easily imagined. In this state, he could make little advancement in the useful arts, or in his social arrangements; and yet it might be comparatively favorable to the development of the muscular system, and to general strength and physical beauty. In the next step, we shall discover that he has reared a cabin, and preserves the more valuable meats and vegetables which his arm has captured, or his industry procured. From this point, he gradually accumulates wealth, and invents structures of a higher and higher perfection, to preserve his goods, and gratify his domestic and artistic affections. A fact here must not be forgotten—that no accumulation of past wealth can compensate for present neglect of the duty of labor. The daily employment of the race, if not of the individual, has been constantly required. It is the great law of God, that *he that will not work, neither shall he eat.* And if society so perverts this rule, as to allow one class to live idle, then it must condemn another to starve. It is the most grievous sin of this mammon-worshipping age, that the storehouse is reverenced as the only source of life and happiness, before which ministers the merchant miser as great high priest. Yet, despite all this blindness, the great fact of nature stands out in bold relief, that all sustenance, comfort and luxury, not the common bounty of Heaven, must be constantly elaborated from the elements from human toil.

These transitions in civilization are to be regarded as regular steps in the march of humanity to its destined perfection. Nothing can be predicated on the existence or non-existence of their particular monuments, except as they reveal the point of progress attained. They have no power in themselves to civilize or refine mankind. These accumulations, edifices and civil and religious institutions, have been made, by man, what they are, have not made man what he is. The application is readily seen. Books, no more than those possessions, have made the civilization, the enlightenment, or the degree of christianization which the world has attained. If these do not obtain where there are no books, so there are no books where these have not first appeared. It is not uncommon for mankind to confound cause and effect, and put one for the other. As there were not edifices in which social and mental refinement could be cultivated, until sufficient had been attained to their need and use, and qualify men to design, construct and appropriate them; so books did not serve to instruct mankind, until the human mind had first conceived and embodied in them its own apprehensions of wisdom and refinement.

The idea of sanctity and efficiency which most nations attach to their sacred books, is wholly inconsistent with the reception of the first principles of all knowledge. These are nowhere derived from books. Books are made up of the attainments of their authors; cannot be any thing more, nor even a full expression of that, since the best thought and the highest truth of each mind is inexpressible. We could not well do without these convenient conservators; but there is not one among the innumerable volumes which exist, that was not written by human hands, and dictated *directly* by human minds. We would not have the truth they contain revered the less, but the more, and with all the reverence now attached to the letter would we have men look upon the divinely communicative spirit, which through these mediums breathed its purifying transmission, and effected its divine creations. And be it remembered, that if the race could not survive a cessation of labor, to live on past accumulations, neither could it long thrive in spirituality on the mental and spiritual food bound up in books. The mind, as well as the body, is only sustained by the fruits of its own activity. It may scan the elder revelation inscribed on every rock and rill and flowering shrub; it may delve for the buried treasures of antiquity; it may strike out new trains of thought or follow the old; but, in some way, *it must work.* It would be madness to scorn the materials furnished by past experience; but it would be more than madness to fall down and worship them, because they had proved serviceable to our fathers for food or shelter. So that which is valuable in books cannot be thrown away without injury to the race: but neither can they be clothed with an air of sanctity, which forbids all approach of thought, or worshipped as divine, without manifest detriment to moral and mental development.

It is easy to conceive that a greater diversity of talent and wider degrees of development once existed in human society, than are now seen in similar circles; but not so that peculiar sensation of mind which must have been created in the breast of the ignorant and superstitious, when they saw the evidence that thought could be communicated by signs. The Indian has been known to regard the man as supernaturally endowed; who could converse with a book. In early times, the mind itself was a subject of conjecture, and all its diseases, as well as inordinary attainments, were referred to superhuman influences. Until the invention of printing, and the consequent multiplication of books, this feeling must have been quite general. This undue reverence for what was written has been handed down, pandered to, and in a measure induced, by the initiated or interested. As books on more common-place subjects became diffused and subjected to the scrutiny of common sense, the claims of the supernaturalist were transferred from general literature to medicine, law and divinity. This trinity of imposition has held on together, and bids fair to yield together. How a man of worth and sense, even now, is often seen to stand abashed, and humbly *inquire* why he should assume the authority to teach, merely because the professional man can quote some old book, or phrase, as destitute of life and thought as implied by its preservation in a *dead* language.

Individuals who are affected by books are of two classes, those who *use* and those who *worship* them. As the idolater appropriates his object of devotion to no practical purpose, but to incite his blind fanaticism, so he who regards a book with superstitious reverence, seldom employs it for any legitimate use. In its very presence, the *man* is debased. He reads not with natural eyes. Its lessons of good or evil are measurably unheeded, in his fervor to show it becoming homage. The most sublime and most ridiculous things are drawled out in the same sanctimonious monotony. Interested promulgators, whose position and influence depend on their skill in interpretation, labor to perpetuate these erroneous impressions, and to have them inculcated on the tender minds of youth; so that the real truths contained are prevented any useful and practical application by the lack of all discrimination in the reception of the mere letter.

The other class read books for the thought or moral they may contain; and the right of individual judgment is indispensable to any salutary result from their reception. The very attempt to put in practice their simplest teachings, is only consistent with the assumption of the right and ability to judge what is fit to be done. If a principle is involved in action, it will produce results, and those results must determine the legitimate character of the principle; for all principles must be judged by their fruits. Here is the difference: The practical man brings to practical tests every important precept or declaration he finds in books. Those given to idolatry merely hoard up, con over, and worship, do not use them. Swayed by superstitious fear, they elevate a number to a sacred position, and decide that they contain all that ever has been, is, or can be known. And this is well nigh the truth in regard to *them.* Indeed, to minds thus enthralled, what is contained cannot be known, in any practical sense. They should be measured, valued and reverenced, according to the degree of mental and moral nutriment derived, and which must be elaborated into growth and life by our own mental forces.

It is only in a low degree that we are benefitted by books, greatly as we are indebted to them in that degree. After all, they can put us in possession of nothing, which was not first communicated to the human mind without them. Our great dependence on them for a system of history, science, or religion, is strictly material. They can only tell us the accidents of history, cannot show us that inner life of the race, which has flown down through the ages. It is only by our own reflections, prompted by the thinkers of these last days, that we are enabled to see through the circumstantial array of uninstructive facts which compose the literal histories, and discover the living reality. The true history of the race might be compiled to-day, without reference to books, by taking note of human society as it exists in its different stages of progress; for all tribes may furnish, from the highest to the lowest, a near approximation to the whole series of advancement from stage to stage. In religion, books can only acquaint us with the outward manifestation of the spirit, the religious incidents and experience of the past.—cannot show us that law of life within, which has quickened innumerable souls through long centuries, has been working beneath this whole outward, formal, incoherent mass of things which we term Ecclesiastical History.

It has long been a disputed question, whether books had not an *interior* signification, especially the books of the Bible. As received by a small, though very learned and spiritual set withal, the proposition is an entire fallacy. At most, a book is but a written picture. Do pictures possess the life of the thing which they represent, or merely copy the external form? Whether pictures may not convey an *idea* of life is another question, dependent on the degree of refinement in the beholder, and the truthfulness of the copy. As in nature, the spirit of all things becomes more and more revealed, as the mind expands and grows in spiritual powers, so the signs employed to express our ideas will be more or less significant to one who sees much, than to one who sees little in things. A book that has truly 'held the mirror up to nature,' becomes suggestive of the great facts of being and the interior life every where shadowed forth. But we must never forget that in nature, not in the book, the reality resides. Here the doctrine of correspondences, so clearly unfolded by Swedenborg, exists, and only here. The mind, elevated to a high place of thought, comprehends this, and is enabled to explain many difficult sayings and figures which occur in our accredited Revelation. But it will be found equally beneficial in explaining any book which presents important truth under natural figures. The most sublime and elevating passages in Isaiah, or David, or even in the teachings of Jesus and his apostles, are their truthful appeals to the testimonies of nature, not to men or books. The great men, in every age, have been book-*makers*, not book-worshippers, or even readers, as the best artists have sculptured and painted statues and pictures, and have not been image or picture worshippers.

All empirical systems of science or religion have had their books. The True has none—or, rather, has all, embracing the truth and good in all, yet worshipping none. Much is said about the *Christian* scriptures; but there are none, in the sense in which there are Mohammedan, or Jewish, or Hindoo scriptures. Unlike Moses and Mohammed, Jesus left no books. The system he labored to unfold has not, nor ever can be, embodied in a material form. It leaves book-worship, as well as other forms of idolatry, and elevates the soul to a higher position, where it can read, in the cheering light and heat, and in the genial moisture which comes from heaven, a lesson of deeper and holier trust than can be gathered from numberless tomes. It takes the eye of man from the copy to the original, from a vain attempt to comprehend the skill displayed in the picture, to an intimate communion with the reality of all things, the actual, living scene.

THE EQUALITY OF MANKIND.

The substance of the following letter was addressed some months since to the editors of the *American Phrenological Journal.* If its contents should be thought of any interest to the readers of the *Liberator*, it is at the disposal of the editor. S. W.

North Easton, N. Y., April 2d, 1852.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE 'AMERICAN PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL':

ESTEEMED FRIENDS,—I notice, in the last number of the *Phrenological Journal*, an invitation to such of your readers as may have occasion to write to you, while doing so, to give their views in regard to the course of the *Journal.* I accept this offer to make a few remarks in reference to one or two articles in the present volume, which seem to me utterly irreconcilable with what I had supposed to be the teachings of Phrenology—certainly with the benign teachings of Christianity.

One of the articles to which I allude is on page 12 of your number for January, 1851, under the head of 'The Five Principal Races of Men.' We are told that 'the American race is tending to extinction before the march of the Caucassian, and such is the fate of every other variety, where they are brought in contact. The superior swallows up the inferior.' This harmonizes closely with the sentiments we have been accustomed to see in the New York *Sun*, *Herald*, &c. When our Government laid its pilfering and murderous hand on Mexico, those papers told us it was the 'destiny' of the Anglo-Saxon race to swallow up all with whom it came in contact. Probably proud Rome deemed it her *destiny* to swallow all with whom she 'came in contact'; and when her cup of wrong and tyranny and cruelty was filled, the measure she had meted to others was measured to her again. Her 'fate' had then become that of the 'inferior,' to be swallow up by the 'superior.' And to me it seems just as certain as that effect follows cause, that if the Caucassian race in this country continues to pursue its present aggressive policy, retributive justice will ultimately assign that race a place among the 'inferior,' to be swallowed up by the 'superior.' I think the American people are quite vainglorious enough, without being told of their superiority; quite enough inclined to rob, plunder, exterminate or expatriate their neighbors, without being told it is their destiny or 'fate' to do so.

In your March number, page 67, in an article headed, 'Is the World Improving?' I find the following:—'Nature abhors retrogression. Mules may be produced, but Nature evinces her reprobation of the vile amalgamation by preventing them from reproducing. The white and black races may mix blood, but Nature denies fecundity to the third generation of the mulatto, who rarely reaches the age of twenty years.' Now, it is well understood that there are various families of the horse, from the noble Arabian steed, down to the Canadian 'kanuck.' But they are all horses, and Nature does not evince an antipathy to amalgamation among any of these different families, by denying 'fecundity' to their progeny. But the ass is quite another animal; and to the mule, the product of the horse and the ass—animals belonging to different species—'fecundity' is denied. By the comparison you have made, your implication seems to be, that the blacks are not human beings, but (as is contended by Professor Grant and other sapient colorphobists) belong to the 'monkey tribe.' Perhaps I hardly need refer to the emphatic declaration, that 'God hath made of *one blood* all nations of men,' for the moral and intellectual characteristics of such men as Paul Cuffee, Samuel R. Ward, Dr. Pennington, H H. Garnet, and scores of others, who might be named, furnish the most irrefragible evidence that, whatever may be the color of the skin, 'a man's a man, for a' that.'

You profess to be laboring in the cause of human progress and improvement. You can hardly fail to be aware that one of the greatest obstacles in the way of that cause is American slavery. I need not allude to the pernicious effects of that system on the master and on the slave; on the community where it exists, and on the nation with whose institutions it is interwoven. These things you well know. Again, let us look at its effects on the old world. We have set ourselves up as a 'model Republic.' We have proclaimed to the world our solemn conviction, that 'all men are created equal.' We profess to have founded our institutions on this broad principle. We plant ourselves conspicuously on the summits of the West, and say to the nations of the East, 'Come look! admire! and imitate!!' They look, and what do they see? A nation 'free and equal,' with one-sixth of its population held in the most debasing slavery on which the sun ever shone. A Republic, where 'the rights of all are secured,' and three millions of its citizens not merely placed beyond the protection of law, but made the victims of 'lawless laws,' which degrade them down to the condition of 'things,' 'chattels personal,' liable, like any other species of property, to be used or abused, sold or bartered away, at the option of their *owners.* Parents, children, brothers, sisters, husbands, wives, brought daily to the auction-block, and sold '*singly, or in lots to suit purchasers.*' The lookers-on see all this, and exclaim, 'If this is Democracy, if this is Republicanism, give us Monarchical and Aristocratical Governments, rotten and corrupt as they are, in preference to such freedom and equality!'

Am I not fully borne out, then, in asserting that American slavery is one of the strongest bulwarks against human progress? And is it not equally true that one of the most powerful supporters of slavery is the cruel and unchristian prejudice against the colored man, which exists in the free States? Appeal to our sympathies in behalf of our down-trodden brethren, and we seem to say, 'Their skins are so black, and their noses so flat, they are scarcely to be pitied.' And how strongly will such sentiments as those I have quoted from your journal tend to feed and nurture this prejudice! It will be a natural conclusion, if the blacks lack so much of being human beings, it matters little whether they are used as slaves or something else. Or, if they are so much 'inferior,' and it is the *fate* of the 'inferior to be swallowed up by the superior,' why may it not be the decree of fate that the 'inferior' shall be 'hewers of wood and drawers of water' for the 'superior'? This will be a very comfortable doctrine. We can lay all the wrongs and oppressions existing among mankind to 'fate,' or Providence, and thus shirk all responsibility, join hands with the oppressor, and partake of the fruits of injustice without compunction or remorse.

I have highly valued the teachings of your journal, as tending to harmonize and happify mankind. I have labored to extend its circulation, by sending you all the subscriptions I could procure, at your lowest club price, without reserving any compensation for myself, and paying my own postage. But if the *Journal* is to lend its powerful influence to strengthen colorphobia, and thus to support and perpetuate slavery, I cannot continue to act as its agent.

Sincerely, your friend,

——— ———.

To O. S. & L. N. FOWLER, New York.

FLOGGING IN THE NAVY.

U. S. HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

Mr. Stanton asked leave to introduce the Navy Discipline bill.

Mr. Orr moved that the bill be laid on the table. Negatived. Yeas 71; nays 94.

The amendment to strike out the clause requiring a guilty sailor to wear a badge with the word 'Thief' on it, was agreed to. The bill was then rejected—Yeas 76; nays 97.

The rules were suspended, and Mr. Stanton reported the bill, which was read.

It proposes, in place of the lash, to punish sailors for offences by diminishing their rations, restricting them to diet of bread and water, and imposing extra police.

In cases of theft, in addition to the foregoing, to wear a badge with the word 'Thief' on it, and to make good the amount stolen. Solitary confinement, wearing ball and chain, deprivation of liberty on shore, &c.

As inducements to good behavior, a system of rewards is likewise incorporated therein.

The Committee proposed to strike out the punishment of wearing the 'thief' badge.

Mr. Stuart moved to make the bill the special order for Thursday next, and proceeded to give his reasons for the motion. He had voted to abolish flogging in the navy, and enumerated his objections to this bill at considerable length.

Mr. Stanly replied: It was obvious that the gentleman would vote against the bill in any form. As all members could not examine into every measure brought forward, it was evident they must take some things on faith. The Naval Committees of the Senate and House have approved of this bill, and it has the sanction of commanders, who have spent nearly all their lives on salt water, in the service of their country.

Mr. Bayly having been requested, by a number of gentlemen interested in the naval service, to examine the bill, he had done so, and was satisfied, not only of the propriety of passing it, but of the necessity of passing it at once. He said, the difficulties on ship-board usually occur two or three weeks after the vessels go out of port. On plantations, the negroes, during the first two or three weeks, try the temper of a new overseer; so with the sailors; they try the temper of the commander, and see what he can do. If you give them an inch, they will take an ell. To have a good voyage out, is to have discipline maintained during the first two or three weeks.

Mr. Orr asked Mr. Bayly whether it was right to force a passage on the bill, when other gentlemen had not had an opportunity of examining it.

Mr. Bayly replied: If this bill was complicated in its character, there might be some force in the objections of the gentleman. He undertook to say, that nineteen-twentieths of the bills reported here are voted on without having been read by the members; and if this bill shall be passed without having been read by one-tenth, it would by no means be singular in that respect. He moved the previous question, having obtained the floor on that condition from Mr. Stanly.

The demand for the previous question was first voted on. Ayes, 81; Nays, 69. This cut off the motion to postpone.

Mr. Millson, (Va.. dem.,) moved a reconsideration of the vote; one of the reasons for doing which was, that, for nearly fifty years, no commander or officer in the navy, even of the highest grade, was authorized to inflict, of his own individual authority, more than twelve lashes for any offence. The law provided that, if the offence were deemed to deserve severer punishment, a court martial should be convened by the Secretary of the Navy, if the offence was committed within the limits of the United States, or the commander of a squadron, if without the United States jurisdiction. This was a regulation to guard the rights of the youngest seamen; yet this bill, which has just been rejected, proposed to confer on any officer, if commanding but a schooner, the power to consign the sailor to solitary confinement for thirty days, with irons on his arms and ankles—with diet of bread and water; and this without requiring a record of the crime and punishment to be kept by any body. He would not consent to confer this power on any man. However, it was exceedingly important to have laws for the punishment of crimes on shipboard, and hence his motion to reconsider, that proper amendments may be made to the bill.

Mr. Evans, (Md., whig,) spoke in favor of the bill, and expressed himself opposed to this modern and sickly sentimentality exhibited even in the halls of Congress. He had voted to abolish flogging, and if he could restore it, he would. American sailors do no not compose a tithe of the crews; they are composed, for the most part, of foreigners, jail-birds, who have been in the slave trade and committed piracy—men who require the strong hand of power to be held over them. These men go on board to eat Uncle Sam's beef and bread, and drink his whiskey. In conclusion, he would recommend to the sympathizers with such characters, that they pass a bill giving the crews the power to elect their commanders and to select their juries by ballot.

Mr. Stanly suggested an amendment, that punishment be inflicted according to the resolutions of '98 and '99, [laughter,] and that the selection be by *viva voce* instead of by ballot. [Laughter.]

Mr. Stanton, (Tenn.) said that the bill proposed a system of rewards; especially that after twenty years of service, the sailor shall be permitted to go into the Naval Asylum, with half-pay during his life.

Mr. Hall, (Mo., dem.) asked whether the gentleman would be willing to pension officers of the army and navy who have served faithfully for twenty years.

Mr. Stanton replied, that the Committee on Naval Affairs will report a bill, putting disabled naval officers on a retired list, thus opening a way to the promotion of young officers. For himself, he would not be willing to turn them or the sailors away, after having faithfully served their country.

Mr. Jones, [Tenn.] moved to lay the proposition to reconsider the vote by which the bill was rejected, on the table, and expressed the hope that the House would not adjourn until the question should be taken.

However, the House adjourned, and the subject went over.

NORWICH, Ct., April 1, 1852.

DEAR SIR,—Your 'Letter to Ladies,' relating to the objects of the Female Medical Education Society, of which you are Secretary, has been read by me with great interest. No institution, in my opinion, has stronger claims upon public benevolence for its support, than the Medical College conducted and sustained by your Association, whose object is to remove a large amount of female suffering.

The ideas by you advanced have induced me to become a contributor to the amount of twenty dollars, the fee of life membership to your Society. Enclosed you will find a check on the Suffolk Bank for the amount, which please apply for the support of your institution.

Respectfully, your obedient servant,

JOEL W. WHITE.

SAMUEL GREGORY, Sec. F. M. E. Soc., Boston.

☞ The *Medical Times* publishes the following cure for the benefit of those who are suffering with that terrible scourge, the toothache:—

'Gum Copal, when dissolved in chloroform, forms an excellent compound for stuffing the holes of decayed teeth. I have used it very frequently, and the benefit my patients have derived from it has been truly astonishing. The application is simple and easy. I clean out the hole, and moisten a little cotton with the solution; I introduce this into the decayed part, and in every instance, the relief has been almost instantaneous. The chloroform removes the pain, and the gum copal resists the action of the saliva; and as the application is so desirable, those who may labor under this dreadful malady would do well to make a trial of it.'

Lock Jaw.—The application of beef's gall to the wound is said to be a certain preventive and remedy. Besides its anti-spasmodic properties, the gall draws from the wound any particles of wood, glass, iron, or any other substance, which may cause irritation, when other applications have failed to do so. Circulate the information.—*Lancaster Gazette.*

A correspondent says, 'A better remedy for lock-jaw is to give brandy, or other spirit, till the entire system is *relaxed.* This done thoroughly, the disease disappears altogether. It has often been tried, and *never without success.* The Thomsonian remedy (and it never fails) is to give tincture of lobelia.

Wonderful Figures.—It seems that the figure 9 is not, after all, as enigmatical as the figure 2, which lends itself to coincidences with perfect facility. A Spanish paper says that it was the *second* year of the *second* half of the century, on the *second* day of the *second* month, about *two* o'clock in the *second* half of the day, that Queen Isabella the *Second*, at the age of 22, with her *second* daughter in her arm, was struck by an assassin, who lived at No. 2, rue del Arco Triunfo, on the *second* story.

☞ We learn, says the *Worcester Spy*, that it is in contemplation by some of our citizens to establish a new religious society in this city, of a progressive and anti-sectarian character, calculated to meet the wants of those who consider the conservatism of the societies now existing, upon the great reformatory questions of the age, as hostile to the diffusion of a true Christianity.

☞ Thomas Moore, the poet, kept a journal, with singular regularity, during many years of his life; extending, indeed, from a very early period up to the commencement of his fatal illness. It occupies three volumes of closely written MS., and was always intended by the poet for publication. It is said that Dr. Moore is preparing it for publication.

☞ Horace Mann thus sums up a few of the advantages of modern inventions:—'One boy, with a foudrinier machine, will make more paper in a twelvemonth than all Egypt could have made in a hundred years, during the reign of the Ptolemies. One girl, with a power-press, will strike off books faster than a million scribes could copy them before the invention of printing. One man with an iron foundry will turn out more utensils than Tubal Cain could have forged, had he worked diligently to this time.'

To Calculate Interest.—Divide the number of days by six, and multiply the dollars by the dividend; the result is the interest in decimals; cut off the right hand figure, and you have it in dollars and cents. Thus: What is the interest on $100 by 21 days? 21 divided by 6 is 3 1-2; 100 multiplied by 3 1-2 is 350—or 35 cents. Again: What is the interest on $378 for 93 days? 93—6—15 1-2; 378x15 1-2—5859—or $6.85 9-10.

☞ A poet carried some verses to a critic, and desired his opinion of their merit. After reading them, the critic observed—'My dear sir, these lines need fire;'—and he threw them into the grate.

☞ When is a lighted candle like a tombstone? When it is set up for a *late* husband.

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December 19 tf

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August 29 istf

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☞ For sale by the Proprietor's authorized agents only—in Boston, by Mrs. E. Kidder, No. 100 Cornhill; in East Boston, by Robert Kent, Apothecary, Meverick Square; in Worcester, by A. Clark, Apothecary; Mrs. M. S. Thompson, Female Physician, and S. Stone, No. 2 Maple street; in Clinton, by E. Bailey, Jr., in Barre, by Wadsworth & Allen; in Lowell, S. Eastman & Co.; in Amherst, by Newton Fisk.
November 14 1y

Dissolution of Partnership.

NOTICE is hereby given that the Partnership heretofore existing, under the firm of Smith, Ober & Co., is this day dissolved, by mutual consent. The senior partner, Thomas Smith, having retired from the firm, and sold all his interest to his co-partners, who will settle all demands.

THOMAS SMITH,
DAVID B. MORET,
REUBEN H. GREEN.

The business of the old firm will be continued at the old stand, No. 2 and 3 Haverhill street, by Moret & Ober, where will be found a large assortment of Britannia Ware and Glass Ware, and the customers of the old firm and others are invited to call and examine before buying elsewhere.
Boston, January 1st, 1852. 3m

BOOKS.

BELA MARSH, No. 25 Cornhill, has for sale the following valuable books, viz:

The Slave, or Memoirs of Archy Moore,	2
The Branded Hand, by Capt. Jonathan Walker,	2
Picture of Slavery for young persons, by do.,	1
History of the Mexican War, (including 'Facts for the People,') by L. Moody,	25
Narrative of Henry Watson, a Fugitive Slave,	12 1-2
The Church As It Is, by Parker Pillsbury,	13
Letter to the People of the United States on Slavery, by Theodore Parker,	25
Parker's Discourse, occasioned by the death of John Quincy Adams,	20
Conscience and Law; or a Discussion of our comparative Responsibility to Human and Divine Government, by Rev Wm. W. Patton,	12
Spooner's Argument on the Unconstitutionality of Slavery,	50
Spooner's Defence for Fugitive Slaves against the Acts of Congress of February 12, 1793, and September 18, 1850,	25
The Three Chief Safeguards of Society, a Sermon by Theodore Parker,	13
Parker's Fast Day Sermon—The Chief Sins of the People,	20
The Great Harmonia, vol. 2—The Teacher, by A. J. Davis,	1 00
The Philosophy of Spiritual Intercourse,	50
do do of Special Providences—A Vision,	13
Heat and Light for the Nineteenth Century,	12 1-2
The Auto-Biography of Henry C. Wright,	$1 00

Aug. 29. tf

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FIVE YEARS PROGRESS OF THE SLAVE POWER, a series of papers first published in the *Commonwealth*, in July, August and September, 1851.

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